

# LONDON SOCIETY.

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WHERE SHALL WE GO?



## CHAPTER I.

INVOLVING QUESTIONS OF COMPANIONSHIP—ECONOMY, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN—  
MORALS FOR TRAVELLERS—DEDUCTIONS FROM THE EXPERIMENTAL PROCESS—ME-  
TEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS MADE ON THE COAST—HARRIDGE—THE GRAND HOTEL  
—THE FERRY—VIEW OF WORLTON—THE SIGNALS—THE ROAD TO FLICKSTOW—PECU-  
LIARITIES OF SIGNBOARDS—ARRIVAL AT THE BATH HOTEL, FLICKSTOW.

**Y**OUR Commissioner, deputed by the government of 'London Society' to examine into, and to report upon this important question, flatters himself that he *has* done it this time, rather. The plan that your Commissioner (originally 'we,' that is myself, henceforth 'I,') first of all determined upon, was the excellent one of examining witnesses, who, by personal explanation and reference to their diaries,

enabled your humble servant to give the public a connected and, let him hope, an interesting account of his carefully-managed investigation.

The result of this protracted inquiry was to raise envious thoughts in the generally placid breast of your overworked official. He heard of the fresh air, but he breathed it not. There were whippers of invigorating iodine, but far from him was the sniffing thereof.

He yearned for the much-sounding sea; but if anybody mentioned Brighton, Margate, Scarborough, or Ramsgate to him, he shook his weary head, saying, 'These places cannot give me what I so much need—the luxury of quiet.'

At length, the witnesses either came to an end suddenly, or, excusing themselves from attendance by reason of the fine weather, the heat in London, or the fact that their holiday time had arrived, flatly refused to appear. What was to be done?

Yes, what was to be done? Should the public suffer loss? Perish the thought! Are there not many thirsty souls yet in the metropolis gasping for iodine and the sad sea wave? To these my words may perchance come as those of the oracle, and my pen be to them as the sign-post of destiny, directing them to what part of the coast they shall betake themselves.

I have said, by way of quotation, the *sad sea wave*; and if you'll allow the printer to put that epithet into italics, I shall be much obliged to you; for I mean it, every bit of it. 'By the *sad sea waves* I' did something or other, says the song. Not by the wild waves that were in the habit of talking sentiment to little Paul Dombey, no, nor by the 'sunlit dancing waves' of the happy poet; but by the sad, the soul-subduing waves, I and my public wish to sit; and those whom it may concern I will now inform, how I sought out the saddest sea wave that could be found anywhere; and I will put them also in the way of going and doing likewise, if they choose.

It has often occurred to me that the question of, *Where shall we go?* is intimately mixed up with that other one, *With whom shall we go?*

To a married man the answer is simple, if dictated by his wife. She will say (and who shall contradict a lady?), 'What better companion can you find than I am? What relaxation more perfect than digging sand-pits for your children with their wooden spades on the beach, or playing at being buried alive under pebbles?'

The husband will, if he be peace-

ably inclined, give a wary answer. His views will coincide with those of his partner. But (supposing him wary, and longing for an entire change) he will pooh-pooh the hackneyed watering-places; he will imagine a fever at Worthing, sigh over the great expense of Brighton, deplore the distance of Scarborough, ridicule the notion of any lady of his wife's quality sojourning either at Margate or Ramsgate, and finally offer to make a martyr of himself for the benefit of his family, by going away alone, as, he will pleasantly (if he be wise) style it, an *avant courier*, to test some hitherto unattempted shore, 'just to see if it will do, and if it will he'll take a place, and they can all come down and join him.'

Ladies, a most admirable plan, I do assure you. (Gentlemen, I am not going to betray your confidence.)

To this proposal Madame, not without some slight misgivings, agrees, and Monsieur 'regrets that he must go alone on his mission,' 'wishes she could go with him,' and says to himself, says he . . . (no, gentlemen, as I'm a man, I protest I will not betray you).

Having thus reduced two to a unit without a division, we find that the quotient gives us a bachelor *pro tem.*, and he is brought by this process under that common denomination to which the second question, 'With whom shall we go?' is more especially applicable.

I was bemoaning my fate, which (unlike Desdemona's) would not give me, this year, to the moor (I allude to where the grouse are wont to disport themselves), in the presence of an entertaining young friend of mine, who does me the honour of dining with me at my club occasionally, when he, so to speak, 'up and said,' 'Why don't you go to Flickstow?'

'Flickstow?' said I, 'where's Flickstow?' not having heard of it before.

'In Suffolk,' he replied. 'The quietest place in the world.'

'I'll go,' I said decisively. 'Will you come too?'

Come! of course he would. No

next week, however; he couldn't manage that, as he had to be at his father's next week. Well, the week after? Ah! the week after, let's see—no, he couldn't the week after, because he was coming back from his father's, and it wouldn't do you know to—you see—in fact—in short—

'Well then,' I cut in, seeing he was becoming hazy, 'the week after that? You can say that for certain.'

It turned out, however, that he couldn't say that or anything else for certain; he would 'let me know—he would see when he could manage it,' and so on.

I hate being put off. If he didn't want to go, why didn't he say so? I looked sternly at him and asked—

'What are you going to do to-morrow?'

He was going to the theatre to-morrow, to see what's his name, in the new piece.

'The day after?'

I had meshed him at last. He hesitated, but feeling that my eye was upon him, had not the face to keep on being engaged for ever.

'Will you go the day after to-morrow?'

I asked him this as if it was 'money or your life.' He looked up half-laughing; my mouth didn't move a muscle. He tried to turn the conversation by imitating Compton or Buckstone, I am not clear which it was, in consequence of his forgetting to name the specimen beforehand. He generally makes me laugh by this move. His drollery failed to raise a smile except on a young waiter's face, who had probably heard one of these comedians the night before. I said severely, 'Take away;' whereupon the attendant went off with the cheese, and I fancy I heard him afterwards retelling Buckstone to another waiter behind the screen. Be that as it may, I was not going to laugh, and I didn't.

'Will you go down with me to Flickstow the day after to-morrow?' I asked.

'I will,' said he, with the decision of a godfather at a christening.

'You won't disappoint me?' I asked, knowing my man.

'Disappoint you! Far be it from me to disappoint you! he returned; as Compton this time.

'Then that's settled,' I said, relaxing into a smile.

'Precisely.' Buckstone.

We sent for a 'Bradshaw,' an 'A. B. C.,' and a waiter. Hooper, my friend, took the 'A B C,' I opened 'Bradshaw,' and we both referred to the waiter.

'Can't make much out of this,' observed Hooper, in the character of Buckstone; whereat the waiter even didn't laugh, thinking it to be his natural voice.

The waiter knew all about it—waiters always do. The waiter was wrong, however, but soon got on the right scent; and having found a train at Bishopegate, ran it to earth, or rather to sea, at no great distance from Flickstow.

We fixed on a mid-day train, in order, as we said, to split the difference; and to prevent disappointment, I engaged to call for Hooper.

The next day I spent in making preparations for my journey, and with a view to guarding against any chance of *ennui* at Flickstow, I selected two or three books of such a portable size as could be carried in my satchel bag, which, being slung round my back by a shoulder-strap, is always handy. In this I placed my note book, my pencils, my pens, my portable inkstand, paper, blotting-paper, penknife, my pipes and tobacco, (solace of my weary hours!) and—that's all.

High were my hopes on the morning of our settled departure from town.

Everything was packed, including my sponge and scissors, and I had sat upon the top, making myself as heavy as possible, while the maid coaxed the fastenings together, and was now only debating as to whether I should take my hat box or not, when the second post brought a letter.

For me: from Hooper.

I tore it open.

'Dear old Boy' (under the circumstances this style of address is very trying), 'I'm so sorry, but what am I to do? Our butler got locked up, in the police station last night,

and I must go and see after the fellow. My mother comes home, and will be alarmed. Must stop to see her. I am so vexed. Better luck next time. Adieu, yours grieved,

T. HOOPER.

'P.S. Next week I go away. See you when I return.'

My very natural exclamation after reading this will not bear repetition.

'You may unpack that portmanteau,' I said, gloomily, to Mary. 'I shan't go to-day.'

The idea was not abandoned entirely for this day, however, on account of my disappointment.

I tried to run through a list of

friends generally available as companions at short notice.

A cab brought me to the first of them: he had lodgings in the neighbourhood of St. James' Street.

'At home?' I inquired.

'No, sir; Mr. Hodgson went out of town this morning early.'

'Do you know where he is?' was my next question; as, if he had gone on a solitary tour, I would catch him up.

'Yes, sir; Mr. Hodgson's at his grandfather's, in Wales.'

'Oh, thank you.'

His grandfather's in Wales!—why hadn't I a grandfather in Wales? It suddenly flashed across my mind



that I had an uncle in Cumberland; but I didn't know the address; and, if I did, as he had never asked me to come, perhaps he wouldn't be best pleased to see me without an invitation.

My next friend near Portland Place was at home, and at a late breakfast, in a dressing-gown.

'Would I have anything?' I would; just a little bit to keep him company. You see I wanted to show myself peculiarly jovial and sociable, in order to be successful in my canvass. With my first mouthful I told him my plan. I informed him (with a slight suppression of facts, and a little colouring for his particular benefit), that it had sud-

denly struck me, being tired of town, that a quiet watering-place would be most enjoyable for a few days, and that I had immediately fixed upon him as the fellow of all others who would delight in a trip of this sort. I didn't mention my previous failures, and said nothing about Hooper. Willard (my friend at breakfast in his dressing-gown) jumped at the idea, and closed with it on the spot.

Willard is a capital fellow; so impulsive and enthusiastic; no humbug about Willard. 'Here's a bit of luck, after all,' thought I to myself.

I suggested that he'd better pack up at once and dress, as he couldn't travel in his dressing-gown.



Willard jumped up. He's such an impulsive fellow is Willard.

'By Jove!' cries Willard, slapping the pocket of his dressing-gown.

'What is it?' I ask, with a slight misgiving.

'I've got no money,' returns Willard; 'I can't go without money.'

My nature is not a peculiarly generous one, as regards lending money; but on this occasion the man was worth it, and I offered to advance him such a sum as would enable him to accompany me, and then, when we were settled at our sea-side quarters, he could get his remittances, and reimburse his disinterested benefactor.

He thanked me: it was very kind, he said, very kind; but the fact was, he couldn't well leave town for a day or two, now he came to think of it. On the whole, jolly as it would be, he'd better not go.

To this I said 'pooh!' and was very nearly getting angry with him.

There was a silence for a minute or two, which I broke by expostulating with him on his conduct.

But he had made up his mind. Willard is as obstinate as a pig when he has made up, what he calls, his mind.

In no very good humour I quitted Willard. It was now nearly four o'clock; and after five there was no train to Flickstow, even if there was one at five.

The question, 'with whom shall we go?' is not so easily answered, you see, as 'where shall we go?'

I would put it off till to-morrow, I determined, and see if any one turned up in the course of the evening. By a sudden inspiration, I wrote to Fuzzer, in a Government-office.

Fuzzer sent word that he'd join me, if he was back in time from Twickenham, whither he was on the point of starting for a dinner-party. Anyhow, he'd follow me if I went on by myself, and would write from my sea-side quarters. He wanted change, he said; and finished up his letter by a quotation from some song or other, about the pleasant breezes or the stormy winds.

This was to the purpose, at all

events. Should I wait for him? On thinking the matter over, I came to the conclusion that I had better not stop in town any longer, but depart by the first train in the morning. Hope disappointed had made me heartily sick of London; and I felt so disturbed and restless, that I scarcely got any sleep all that night; and in consequence I dropped off into the soundest slumber when I ought to have been getting up, thereby missing the first train in the morning, and rising with a slight headache, which was a pleasant state of things for a commencement.

There was an 11.42 train, however, that just suited me.

The readers I am addressing are those, who, fatigued by the season, anxious to get away, tired of hackneyed routes, of everlasting marine parades, of populous, popular, and much frequented places on the English or any other coast, are in search of some quiet, healthy, cheerful, out-of-the-way spot, where the snobbish cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

Such a one was I. Such a one am I still.

Tenez! I will tell you all about Flickstow. Fairly and without prejudice, I will bear witness in the Editor's court of 'London Society,' wherein you, my readers, sit as jury to draw your own conclusions from what you shall hear, and a true verdict find for, or against the place, according to the evidence.

'That's the place for us;' or, 'that's not the place for us'—*placet* or *non placet*, as the Academical senates have it, will be the form of your honest decision.

By permission of the court I will, from time to time, refresh my memory from my notes and diary.

'Now, sir,' says the counsel engaged for the public interest, after satisfying himself as to my personal identity, 'on what day did you go down to Flickstow?'

I give him the date, having no reason for concealment. Candidly, then, it was the 5th of July.

'The 5th of July,' says counsel, turning slightly towards my Lord and the Gentlemen of the Jury.

'Now, sir, will you have the kindness to tell us what you did on that day?'

'What I did?' I inquire, a little puzzled.

'Yes, sir,' repeats counsel, blandly, 'what you did.'

The learned Judge explains, 'What course did you pursue in order to reach Flickstow?'

Ascertaining that I have permission to tell my story in my own way, after the manner of a Parliamentary witness before a Committee of the House, I commence:—

*'From my note-book of that date. Something written about "packing books and pipes." Oh! I recollect. Having heard of the supernatural quiet of Flickstow, I ordered my servant to put up certain entertaining books, viz., Tennyson's "Princess," the Emperor's "Julius Caesar" (capital opportunity for reading "Julius Caesar!"), a volume of De Quincey; an elementary metaphysical work (splendid opportunity for studying metaphysics!); "Roderick Random" (never having read it through, now was my time); "The Student's Hume," and a compressed "History of France" (so as not to waste a moment). My bag, as I have already informed you, was well and carefully filled. Thus was I furnished for my flight.'*

Counsel. 'What did you then?'

Commissioner (*still witnessing.*) 'I sent for a Hansom cab, and, seeing my portmanteau placed on the roof, and having deposited my bag at my feet, was driven off for Bishopsgate Station.

'Being short of time, there were plenty of stoppages, and the horse behaved in the most aggravating manner. At the station-gate there was a block, and in three minutes the train would start.

'Out I jumped, seized my portmanteau, which the man (after receiving sixpence over his fare, because he couldn't give me change—pooh!) handed down to me, and was up at the clerk's office with a celerity that would have, at any other time, been incredible to myself.

'Flickstow,' said I to the clerk.

'Harridge, for Flickstow,' replies the clerk. I informed the porter

that I'd take my portmanteau inside with me.

Having given him a threepenny-bit, for no other reason than that he *was* the porter (for he hadn't helped me in the least, in fact rather the contrary, having caused bother and delay by attempting to wrest my baggage from me and put it in the van), I jumped into the carriage, showed my ticket to the guard, and sank down on a soft seat, with my back to the engine, in high spirits at saving my train, and getting away from smoky, choking London.'

I find in my notes the words, 'Guard whistling, stoker whistling, more whistling, as if to encourage the engine. The engine won't be encouraged. "All right!" The engine don't care. Right or wrong she won't move. The stoker uses violence, I suppose, for with a wild shriek of agony that goes to the heart, she jerks herself painfully out of the station. Probably she has become stiff with standing still so long; anyhow, with a few more snorts she gives up her obstinacy and will show them what she can do.'

Judging from this note I should say I was in a very good humour. The next pencil-marks are zig-zaggy, as if the writer's hand had staggered about over the paper: a sort of tipsy scribble. Deciphered, it appears to be, 'Confound it! hang it! my bagpipes.'

'Bagpipes' puzzles me for a moment. I can't play them, I am glad to say. I certainly never travelled with them. Very odd. Oh no, 'bag,' 'pipes,' two words. I'll explain. At what exact moment I became aware that I had sustained a severe loss, I do not recollect. I know that contrary to all the by-laws thereto made and provided, I was going to smoke a pipe, when the horrid thought flashed across me that I had lost my bag. For some time I fought against the conviction. Alas! it was gone. I searched above, and I searched below, like the servants for the unfortunate young lady who paid so sad a forfeit, for running away from a mistletoe bough, but not a vestige of a bag could I find.

At this point I was overwhelmed by the utter helplessness of my situation.

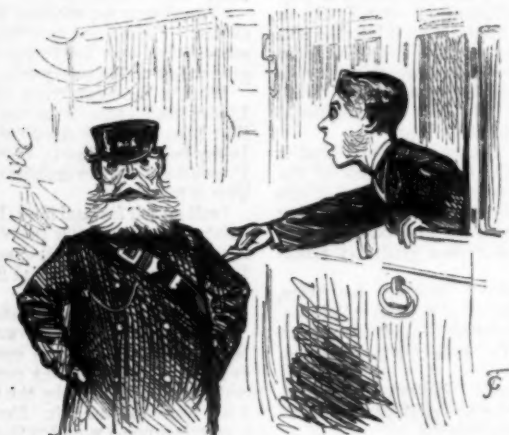
I would ask the guard at the next station, as to what should be done.

We arrived at the next station. I began, from the carriage window, detailing my accumulated losses to the guard, who was a stern man with a sandy beard, and an impatient manner that was not natural to him. I could see that it had grown upon him from never stopping anywhere more than five minutes, and being off directly somewhere else.

He came to the point at once—  
'Where had I left it?'

I was about to explain that this was precisely what I didn't know, but it was either—

'Ah!' says he, holding up his hand with such suddenness that I drew in my head involuntarily, thinking he was going to hit me for delaying him—'all right!' He then looked down the train, and waved his hand again; then blew a little plated whistle that hung by a little plated chain from his button-hole, and then, as we began to move, he shook his head at me and said, 'I'm afraid you won't get it, sir,'



with which he disappeared, into the air apparently, but really (as I believe) up the side, and on to his perch on the roof of the next carriage.

At the next station I stop him (much against his will) to inform him that I am sure I left it in the cab.

'The policeman at the gate takes the numbers of all the cabs that come up for each train.' After this information he wants to run away, but I won't let him.

'But, I am obliged to tell him, 'my cab didn't come inside the station.'

He is evidently annoyed at what he considers my waste of time, and

shaking his head sharply breaks away from me, throws up his hand, whistles briskly, disappears and gets out of my way for the rest of the journey.

What with the shock of this bag affair, the hurry to catch the train, and the sleeplessness of the previous night, I was fairly overcome, and while endeavouring to adapt the noise of the wheels to an air from *Sonambula*, I dropped off into the soundest sleep that I had enjoyed for some time.

Often have I travelled by night from Edinburgh to London, from Boulogne to Paris, from London to the Lakes, but never yet have I succeeded in getting what is called

a comfortable nap. That most disagreeable person who puts on a Scotch cap, who wraps a railway rug round his legs, and knows all about placing cushions in imitation of a bed, is a man to be envied. He may snore horribly and disgust his fellow travellers, but he is to be envied. He boasts that he can go to sleep anywhere, like Napoleon, and get up at any time, like Wellington. Often have I watched him during those dreary lamp-lit hours, and vainly tried to imitate his proceedings. The attitude which he found most conducive to sleep made me more wakeful even than sitting upright. I have attempted to play at it by shutting my eyes firmly, in order to delude myself into the idea that I am asleep, but have only woke up again more wide awake than ever. Therefore for me to fall asleep in a train is an exceptional and remarkable event.

When I awoke, I found that it was within fifteen minutes of the time of arrival at Harridge. While congratulating myself on not having overslept myself and passed by the station, our pace gradually slackened.

'Kellsun' shouted one voice, making much of the last syllable.

'Kajpeljunah!' shouted another, making, for variety, a good deal of the first.

'Klahute!' bellowed a third, dwelling on no syllables at all, and swallowing the last.

The station-master, an obliging gentleman, with papers in his hand, condescended to give me the correct name: it was Kapel Junction, and you changed here for Melbury Dornton, and Chilcot.

Thanking him for the information which would be most valuable at any time that I might be inclined to change at Melbury, Dornton, or Chilcot, it occurred to me to ask how long it would be before we reached Harridge?

'Harridge?' says he, as if he'd not heard of the place before.

'Yes, Harridge for Flickstow,' I explain.

'Oh!' he returns, 'you ought to have got out at Lindentree for Harridge.'

'Lindentree!' I gasped.

'Two stations before this.'

My hope is now solely in the station-master. 'What shall I do, please, sir, what shall I do?'

The station-master is a practical man, gifted with admirable presence of mind. The consequence is that the station-master says simply,—

'Get out.' And I got out accordingly.

'All right!' cries the guard, avoiding me instinctively. Whistle! Shriek! Off!

'It's very lucky,' I said, conversationally, to the station-master, who seemed to have forgotten my existence, 'that I asked you.'

'Very,' says he, without looking at me. 'Here, go and take this parcel,' &c., and he leaves me to give orders to his merry men.

When's the next train back to Lindentree?—there's no train-list, that I see. Where's my Bradshaw? In my bag. Oh dear! Fortunate. I've still got my portmanteau—eh? This is too much!

I call myself fool and idiot. Having finished, I abuse the guard, who must have seen it, and the porter in London, for having stowed it away under the seat.

'Where is the station-master?'

I must tell him all my woes. I begin with the last—the crowning misery: 'I have lost my portmanteau—it has gone on by the train!' I tell him what was in it. He (being a practical man) would rather hear what was outside it.

'Your name?'

'It was—it was,' I say gratefully, seeing a ray of hope. The moment after it strikes me that my last address written on it was 'Gwll, Wales,' where I had passed a few weeks last summer.

'You should have had it labelled,' says the station-master, in a tone of gentle rebuke.

'I should—I know I should,' I confess plaintively. I then told him all about my bag, and my going to sleep, and how (this in extenuation) no one had ever warned me of the change to be made at Lindentree.

'Gentlemen should always ask—it's the safest way.' He is more in

sorrow than in anger, like the Ghost of Hamlet's father.

He considers for a moment. The fate of my portmanteau hangs on his lips.

'Telegraph,' says he, 'to the terminus. It'll get there before the train, and the guard will bring it back.'

I marvelled at his wisdom and acted upon his advice. Oh! the anxious two hours I spent before the arrival of that up-train. At last, it came, and with it my portmanteau. In it (the train I mean) I went up to Lindentree; whence, having changed carriages, I proceeded to Harridge; and nearly three hours after my proper time, at Harridge I arrived.

In my 'Notes' I find this moral deduced from experience: 'Always ask if you change anywhere for anywhere else; never worry a guard lest he desert you in the hour of need; never yield yourself up to sleep, until you are certain that the guard will wake you at your destination. For this there is a gratuity expected, at your own discretion; and well worth the money.'

It is not my purpose to say anything about Harridge; no one would go down there by way of seaside enjoyment. As a matter of fact no one *does* go there to stop, for amusement, only on business. Pleasure seekers come from different places to Harridge, by rail or boat, by land, sea, or river, and having looked at it, depart again in different directions.

At Harridge the objects of interest are, the omnibus which takes you to the pier, the pier itself, the ferryman with 'Flickstow,' in gold letters on his tarpaulin hat, and the Grand Hotel. The Grand Hotel makes up eighty beds daily, that is, it would make up that number and more, for aught I know, if eighty people would sleep there all at once. Not but that the Grand Hotel is equal to any other Grand Hotel with its regiment of waiters, booties, chambermaids, porters, lifts, housemaids, cooks, and so forth. But that's not it. The public that visits Harridge, comes in at one end by train, and goes out at the other by boat, every

hour; or else, it arrives in a steamer from somewhere, and departs in another steamer for somewhere else; so that Harridge does not receive abiding families or sojourners for a week at a time, and therefore for the present the Grand Hotel has not many opportunities for displaying its grandeur. If you are fond of shipping and mariners, you have plenty of both from the windows of the Grand Hotel. If you are fond of mariners' language, of the choicest and most elegant description, you can have that also, and no extra charge, from the windows of the Grand Hotel.

What the hundred and sixty chambermaids do (I put it at this number, as I never recollect having seen more or less than two chambermaids engaged in making up one bed) all day is a puzzle to me.

Perhaps they rehearse making up beds; and the waiters, no doubt, ring the bells, and answer them themselves; and to keep up the illusion, they probably give imaginary dinners to one another, and find fault with the cook. I wish the Hotel every success, as being decidedly one of the most comfortable that I've ever dined at, slept at, or stayed at for twenty-two hours. The Flickstow ferryman will pay your halfpenny toll for the pier (observe that the ticket is *not* transferable) and take you down the steps into the boat, which you will find manned by another stalwart ferryman, wearing a similar hat. The owner of the ferry will accompany you, and steer you safely across the wide river mouth, on the other side of which is Worlton, where you will disembark for your destination.

'Is that Flickstow?' is the traveller's first question to the intelligent ferryman.

No that's Worlton. Oh, that's Worlton, is it? then Flickstow's beyond? Yes, Flickstow's beyond, out of sight. Is Flickstow a large place? you ask. Well, not so large as Worlton. Oh, indeed; but as there only seems to be one house at Worlton—

The ferryman explains that that is *his* house. Does the gentleman,

asks the man at the stroke oar, intend to walk up to Flickstow? No, he doesn't, if he can be driven. If! can't be, that's all. The steerer will soon show him that, and forthwith hoists a flag bearing the device of three stars and a crescent. The Worlton standard? you inquire. No, that's an old pocket-handkerchief, as his mate (the Bow oar, who grins and nods at this allusion) picked up at a shop ashore. 'You see we don't want to be like other folks,' explains Bow, grinning from ear to ear, whereat Stroke, Steerer, and Bow all laugh heartily, and you will join them out of politeness.

'They sees this ashore,' Steerer says, 'and David, he's my son, comes down with a boat directly.'

Steerer is eminently tickled with this piece of ingenuity.

'There's a telegraph for you,' says Bow, who's evidently the wag of the boat, and they all laugh again. I came to the conclusion, on a subsequent visit to the ferry, that these were old jokes, repeated to every passenger, and laughed at, as fresh, by the same crew.

'David sees it all this way off,' says Steerer, shaking the flag, 'David does.' But it appears on this occasion, at all events, that David doesn't, which disconcerts Steerer amazingly.

'What's come to the boy?' Steerer grumbles, and shakes the flag-post violently. This has no effect whatever on David, of whom there is no sign whatever. At last a dark speck on a white line makes its appearance.

'That's David,' says his father, with great satisfaction. David doesn't hurry himself in the least.

'What's he thinking of?' says his father, seeing that the pony (a white one) doesn't go out of a walk. 'Hi! come on!'

'Hi!' shouts the Stroke, turning in his seat.

'Hi!' shouts the Bow, outdoing the Stroke by a tone and a half.

'Hi!' shout the three in chorus.

'Hi!' comes back from shore a weak voice, like that of the man in a box, or up the chimney, so popular with ventriloquists. The pony trots, and the boat is rowed on; we

stick in the sand, so does the pony; we can't move out of it; the pony lifts his legs daintily, and is up alongside of us in a couple of minutes.

Through shady lanes, reminding one of those of Devonshire in miniature, we, that is, I and David, drove: David driving, of course. David's knack of turning corners and his steeple-chase way of taking the deep ruts was a thing to be shuddered at. I didn't hint at my feelings to David, who was a lanky young fellow of about seventeen with a difficulty as to the stowage of his legs, because I felt that David probably knew all about it, and was confident in himself, his springs, and his pony. I wasn't.

A turning, and a bump that nearly sent me on to the white pony's back, brought us in sight of three separate signposts. One pointed to the right and said ~~GO~~ TO SMITH'S. Another pointed to the left, and directed us on ~~TO~~ TO BROWN'S. While the third suggested a middle course ~~TO~~ TO THE BEACH. We tried Smith: David knew all about it, of course. The lane to Smith's, however, brought us, with another bump, and, a jerk against David, in sight of a white board that announced ~~GO~~ TO THE BATH HOTEL, and a smaller white board informed us that by keeping to the right we should get to THE SOUTH BEACH, all of which was very gratifying as a proof of the thoughtfulness and care on the part of the authorities at Flickstow. By authorities I mean Smith, Brown, the Bath, and the Beaches, North and South.

The houses at Flickstow are not known by their numbers, as for instance, 3 Marine Parade, because there is no Marine Parade to be numbered. You go to Smith's, or Brown's, or Thomas's, or Thompson's; to Cleaver's Cottage, or Cople's property, but arithmetic as applicable to house doors, is comparatively, if not entirely, unknown to the natives of Flickstow.

In lodgings you're at the mercy of your tradesmen who live two miles away, and drive to Brown's or Smith's, down the roads or over the sands. However, it's all good, what-



ever it is, at Flickstow; only if you're going for a short time, drive at once to the Bath Hotel, and don't bother yourself about Brown's, Smith's, or Thomas's.

David bumps me through a plantation, with an atmosphere redolent of the choicest flowers (I can notice

this at the time in spite of the difficulties of giving my attention to anything except the laws of gravity), and having risked our necks down a short hill, he pulls up short, and almost pitches me, like a bundle, into the door of the Bath Hotel, Flickstow.



## CHAPTER II.

THE ADVANTAGES OF FLICKSTOW TO FAMILIES—DISADVANTAGES TO BACHELORS—ADVANTAGES TO DITTO—RULES FOR NURSERYMAIDS—THE BEACH OF FLICKSTOW—THE CHILDREN—THE DOGS—THE COWS—THE HORSES—THE DONKEYS—THE FLIES—INDUCEMENT TO THE NATURALIST.

One of the many advantages that Flickstow undoubtedly offers to families, is that the children can disport themselves on the extensive sands, without fear of being run over. The benefits accruing from these sands to nurses and nursemaids, are to be found in the facilities thus afforded for enjoying themselves in their own way, without any particular reference to their respective charges. The duty of a nurse is evidently to look after the children; and how can she look after them unless they stray away and require looking after? From observation, I am

inclined to lay down the following rules for nursemaids at Flickstow, or any other seaside places presenting similar conveniences:—

*Rule 1.* The nurse must be careful to dress as much like her mistress as possible; that is, if her mistress dresses well, and as a lady should, of which the nurse will be, of course, the best judge; her reason for this being, 1st, her own personal appearance; 2ndly, her example to others in the same branch of the domestic service; 3rdly, for the honour of the family of which she is an adopted member; 4thly, to cut out the nursery-governess, if there be one; 5thly, to obtain respect from the lower classes, such as boatmen, flymen, donkey-boys, and the like, and, 6thly, to win admiration from the lounging bachelors, officers, even non-commissioned, if in uniform, and failing these, to strike dumb the dapper young grocer's apprentice. This last object is, perhaps,

included under the first head. However, I am an economist, and make both ends meet.

Now, at Flickstow, the nurse has only to take the children on to the sands, and there she can leave them; the little things will meet lots of other little things, and the amalgamated manikins will go a digging, a burying one another in the sand, a wetting their boots, a blowing of trumpets, a beating of drums, and a beating of one another 'all for love,' like the Irishmen at Donnybrook, until recalled to early dinner by the charming young lady, who, having passed her morning entirely to her own satisfaction, perhaps, in taking rather a lengthy stroll, stands in need of that meal herself.

She can thus avoid being mixed up with the troublesome little brats, and may be taken, by a disinterested loungeur, for a lady of independent means, or a countess in disguise.

If subsequently seen, by her temporary adorer, with the children, he may, by a very little management on her part, be puzzled as to her exact relationship to them. 'Temporary adorer' is advisedly said; for beach-flirtations are of an evanescent character, and the nurse, who may do us the honour to peruse these lines, while the children under her care are playing about in different directions, is earnestly warned not to give her heart to anybody so permanent as the butcher. She must be torn away after three months at the longest. He remains, and the last state of that poor purveyor will be pitiable. Besides, if you visit the same spot next year, the butcher may be married, or grown more butcherly, and, perhaps, some little change may have even come over yourself. Of course your master and mistress like to see you enjoy yourself, and would prefer that their children should learn the lesson of life early in their career, by being left to shift for themselves, and to make acquaintances that may be useful to them hereafter. And, again, the spying system which you would have to adopt, if you were so peculiarly careful of the little

wretches, is utterly repugnant to an English education.

*Final advice to Nursemaids.*—By the way, never speak of your masters and mistresses (especially the latter) with anything like respect. If elderly, they are 'old things,' 'old cats,' and must be considered as ever on the watch to catch you tripping, or doing their best to make you slaves, and to render your lives a burden. Be demure in their presence; this is a mere act of Christian courtesy; but never lose any opportunity of abusing them behind their backs. If they are young, you can teach them their proper position, and let them learn how to manage their own children themselves.

After this digression—scarcely a digression by the way, so naturally does it spring out of the main subject, accompany me to the beach of Flickstow.

The nurses intuitively obey the above rules as regards the children, and the consequence is, that to a retiring middle-aged bachelor, who has come down for the pleasure of sweet contemplation and the luxury of abandoning shirt-collars, the beach between the hours of nine and twelve A.M., is scarcely the place most congenial to his literary pursuits, or plan of meditation. He will at first be struck with the numbers of happy laughing children on the sands. Being of a contra-liberal spirit, he will with grim satisfaction, quote all to himself, or to the sea, or to a dog, or to a post of the breakwater, where he may be seated, Gray's delightful sentiment about the young Etonians:

'Regardless of their doom the little victims play.'

Now, their doom being probably an interview with the head master, and a penitential attitude on a sort of mediæval headsman's block, between a couple of collegers (the holders-down), this line always seems to me an indication of the poet's latent animosity towards sportive youth.

He will seat himself on the beach, will our bachelor, and select the most comfortable attitude that the shingle permits. Having got over

the difficulty of shingles, he will then have to make an agreement between his hat and the sun. Having achieved this, it is necessary that he should so place his book as to be able to read with perfect ease and comfort. For the attainment of this end, he must enter into further arrangements with the breeze, or else page 12 will be page 24, and page 24 will have changed to 52 before he has got a hint of the argument, or has read seventeen consecutive words. The wind is a superficial student, and skips chapters at a time. Having ingeniously made provisions for this, by putting stones on the page, he will begin to enjoy himself in reality. Nay, he may even remark

that, 'The Flickstow sands are first-rate for children.'

After a little time, (the little things are shy at first, and otherwise engaged) they will begin 'to take notice of you,' and all their Lilliputian powers of waggy and practical joking will be expended upon you.

Be angry with them; show yourself averse to their proceedings, and they will at once treat you as an open enemy. Pretend friendship, and they'll never leave you. Roars of laughter will accompany a shovelful of sand on the nape of your neck. Shouts will announce the humorous feat of trying to make your hat into an amateur sail of the line. Your nose will be a mark for



the pebble of the juvenile rifleman; your ear will be startled by the drums and fifes of the infantry, until at length you give up study on the beach as impracticable, and betake yourself to the coffee-room, where you will spend five minutes in fidgetting, or to your bedroom, which will be occupied by large flies, when you will take up Bradshaw, and try to find the earliest means of quitting Flickstow.

This process will induce calmer thoughts (if there are no flies), and you will discover that Flickstow offers, even to the Bachelor, advantages which few other quiet places can boast. If the flies do not wish you to study Bradshaw you will not

be able to do it. Don't try anything against the wish of these insects, or it will spoil your temper for some time to come. Fly-hunting will amuse a leisure hour, and provide you with capital exercise.

Visitors to Flickstow should bring their own fly-papers. A carpet-bag full of catch-'em-alive-ohs, would be a sweet addition to the *impedimenta*. What an admirable word that *impedimenta* is!

The Bath Hotel, Flickstow, possesses a well-stocked garden, wherein you can wander undisturbed. Here few flies will annoy you; here no children are allowed, because of the wells, which are generally left uncovered by the thoughtful pro-

prietor of the hotel. Hither take your book, and note-book, and your camp-stool, if you've got one, for there's only one chair in the garden, whose back and seat being curiously contrived out of sharp conical shells with the points sticking out, is less for use than ornament.

*The Beach of Flickstow further considered as a place for study and comfort.*—I should say no, decidedly, for many reasons. Understand me, to allude to the beach proper to Flickstow, is not to mention the beach to the right of it, nor the beach to the left of it; but the shingle whence the middle-aged

bachelor has been driven, by the rightful possessors, the children.

When the children are not there, the dogs are.

Such dogs! Familiar dogs, comic dogs, savage dogs, cowardly dogs, all more or less ugly dogs, or dogs of some peculiar colour unmistakable among a crowd of dogs. The familiar dog has a grievance in his coat, and once patted, will rub himself against you at short intervals, until somebody else pats him, when he'll try to rid himself of his affliction in another quarter.

The comic dog plays with your boots, barks and jumps at the



sea, comes back with his fore-paws all sandy, and wipes them on your trousers. Kick at him, and he takes it for fun; speak savagely to him, and he'll growl playfully: like the previous one, there's no getting rid of him until he finds another play-fellow.

The savage dog is black, and sniffs at you. Address him, and he growls; move, and he lifts his upper lip unpleasantly. He won't stop long, but will trot off in a dignified manner.

The water-dog belongs to some one in the distance. You say, at a venture, 'Hi! Neptune there!' and throw a bit of wood or a stone into the sea. He'll bark at you until you do it again; and by threatening to jump on you (he is an uncertain

dog), will keep you throwing pebbles for him until your arm aches.

Don't throw your stick for him to fetch. Not that he won't fetch it; oh no: he'll do that beautifully; only being of a faithful instinct, he will insist on carrying it after he has brought it out of the water; in which case, as he won't give it up without a struggle, you will have to follow him until he reaches his owner.

When the dogs are not there, the cows are. Why they come, I don't know; except that Flickstow is one of those places where the grass of the verdant cliff meets the beach, and perhaps affords pasturage. The cows will only smell you and pass on.

If the cows are not there, the

horses are. They are brought down to be washed; and their drivers holloa and shout at them during the operation. When the horses are

gone, the donkeys come to be watered and rest, while their drivers take their dinner.

These drivers are boys, who,



having got into a habit of yelling at their animals, can't lower their tone in addressing one another.

From all this you will escape by walking over the cliff and through

the fields, or along the shore as far as ever you can go without being caught in a storm; for it never condescends to anything so common as rain at Flickstow: it hails, it thun-



ders, it lightens,—but it never rains. Nor has the weather any rule at Flickstow. The sun shines, and down comes the hail: the sun goes in, and it is lovely weather—calm, cool, and serene. Even thunder and lightning don't see the neces-

sity of companionship at Flickstow: now the lightning comes without the thunder, or the thunder without the lightning; and everybody is perfectly satisfied and contented in the happy marine village of Flickstow.

The butterfly-collector and ardent naturalist will be glad to learn that a curious moth, peculiar to this part of the island, appears here in the summer. By day it haunts the flowers, and looks like an enormous hornet, its powers of buzzing being equal to the combined efforts of a swarm of wasps. By night it appears in the bed-rooms, where the collector may be glad of having the opportunity of getting a good view of it at

close quarters. The non-collector will, it is probable, not be so overjoyed at its appearance.

This creature's tenacity of life is remarkable: after you have, as you may imagine, killed it, it generally manages to crawl away on the floor, and breathes its last in one of your stockings. It doesn't sting; at least so they say. The naturalist will now have an opportunity of verifying the statement.



### CHAPTER III.

FLICKSTOW—ITS AIR—THE FACULTY—TALES OF MY LANDLORD—THE BATH-HOUSE—ISOLATION OF FLICKSTOW—THE OMNIBUSES—THE LIBRARIES—MY QUIET DISTURBED—AN ARRIVAL—THE SYBARITE—THE WEATHER—THE DINNER—GOING TO CHURCH—DISSATISFACTION—HAPPINESS RESTORED—THE SEASON BEGINS—THE ORGAN—INCURSION OF HORDES—FLIGHT OF THE PERSECUTED—PROMISES—OFF TO THE QUIETTEST PLACE.

That Flickstow is most pleasantly situated, is an opinion held by the Flickstowians, the visitors to this quiet watering place, and the proprietor of the Bath Hotel. The last-mentioned gentleman has no other name for it, when talking to his customers, than a 'little Paradise.' Flickstow, according to his unprejudiced and disinterested view, is equally beneficial to the convalescent, the downright invalid, the

lusty healthy Englishman, or the consumptive delicate girl, whose only apparent chance is the South of France, or Madeira.

The first question that anyone meditating a stay at Flickstow will be likely to put to the landlord, will be—'The air of Flickstow is considered very good, isn't it?'

It will be given in this form as more complimentary to the people of Flickstow, than supposing for one moment that they were accustomed to anything of an inferior quality, even in the way of air. The landlord's answer is guarded. He does not yet know whether you are a bachelor on the wing, a married man looking for lodgings, or one or the other wishing for apartments in his hotel.

From long practice he can, in a few minutes, tell your business in these parts, as easily as a naturalist can classify a peculiar beetle. This



talent does not render him proud, but he will still 'play' you, as it were, and his guess will conclude in a certainty.

'The air of Flickstow is considered very good,' says he. 'Yes, sir, very good.'

'Not bracing?' you say half-inquiring, half-asserting.

As a method for irritating the landlord into a violent defence of Flickstow air, and thereby exposing Flickstow's defects in the heat of his partisanship, this question must be considered as a failure. It elicits a most cautious reply, conveyed in the very quietest tone that belongs to an unruffled mind.

'Flickstow is considered decidedly bracing by the Faculty, sir,' answers the landlord, rubbing his chin very slowly. At a glance, scarcely perceptible, he sees that 'the Faculty' has disarmed you. He stoops down and plucks a blade of grass, with, apparently, the same amount of purpose that guides the waiter's hand when he dusts nothing on a sideboard. This action gives you time for recovery, and the visitor comes up to the next round smiling. 'But,' objects the visitor, 'there are figs, and pears, and all sorts of fruits and flowers growing luxuriantly around, and reaching almost down to the sea. It *must* be a soft air.'

The landlord does not see the necessity. It is the most healthy place in England; the air is most bracing; and yet in the parts, where the fig-trees are, as the gentleman rightly says, a consumptive person might thrive and get strong. This is his (the landlord's) opinion, and the Faculty back him up in it. The Faculty includes the leading medical men of the day, who, it appears, have all pronounced unanimously in favour of Flickstow for everybody in every possible circumstance.

You may think the air somewhat soft. The landlord pities you as unhappily opposed to the Faculty. Well, you admit, if bracing, not sufficiently bracing. Wrong again; the landlord is almost wearied with pitying you, so perversely do you put yourself in antagonism to the Faculty. The Faculty have pro-

nounced Flickstow sufficiently bracing. So did the late Baron Alderson.

'Did he?' you say, as if this was the very last thing you would have expected.

'Yes,' says the landlord, slowly shaking his head.

The reminiscence being to all appearance painful, you refrain from further inquiries concerning the late lamented judge's connection with Flickstow, and the circumstances under which he intrusted the landlord with his confidence on this point of Flickstow's salubrity.

The visitor, with a wholesome dread of the Faculty, shifts his ground, and observes, with something of a knowing manner—

'The winter must be a wretched time here.'

Poor gentleman! the landlord really *does* pity him now. Why, if there is a time when Flickstow is only one degree less delightful than in the summer, it is in the winter.

'Why, sir,' the landlord exclaims, 'everything's a'most as green as you see it now; and to walk in that av'nue of figs, you'd think as it was summer. Ah! that you would.'

The visitor looks down the avenue, and says 'Indeed!' Not that he doubts the landlord, but he hasn't, at that moment, any other remark to make on the subject.

The landlord will adroitly follow up his blow, and settle the visitor once and for ever.

'There's capital wild-fowl shooting about here; first-rate, sir, all through the winter. The Maharajah Mint Julip Sing stays here in the winter, a purpose for the shooting.'

The visitor says, 'Does he indeed,' and probably repeats the name of the Indian potentate in a puzzled manner. 'Oh, the Maharajah comes here, does he?' says the visitor, as much as to infer that he (the visitor) had never, up till that moment, been able to make out where the Maharajah *did* go to in the winter; as if he was a dormouse.

The landlord finds that his visitor is unacquainted with the Maharajah, and pities him more than ever.

'When first the Maharajah comes

down here, he took nearly the whole hotel for his friends and his servants, and such like," says the landlord. All his recollections of the Maharajah henceforth appear as an institution of so many personal comparisons between the Maharajah and the unfortunate visitor. The latter feels almost inclined to beg his host's pardon for not immediately ordering all the rooms in his hotel, and, in a general way, for not being the Maharajah Mint Julip Sing.

"Yes, he took the whole house," the landlord repeats, laughing gently to himself, as if the fact was some most excellent joke, as indeed it was, to him, and had a yacht down here, and a punt, and went out shooting every day. "Browning," says he to me, "Browning," says he, "don't call me your Royal Highness," says he. "Why not, your Royal Highness?" I says to him; I used always to call the prince that. "Because," says he—he could talk English as well as you or me could, sir—"because," says he, "I'd rather be a plain Suffolk squire, Browning, than all the Royal Highnesses in the world." That's what the prince wanted. The prince says to me, "Browning," says he, "I only wishes to be a Suffolk man, and if they'd let me be it I would." And he would too, adds the landlord, knocking a few ashes out of his pipe, "he's a most affable gentleman is the Maharajah, and there ain't no nonsense about him."

The visitor, in deference to Mr. Browning's opinion, tries to look as affable as he can, and have as little nonsense about him as possible under the circumstances. In the due carrying out of this attempt, he does not like to cut short the landlord's narrative by leaving him suddenly, or by expressing himself to the effect that the story of Julip Sing might, without any diminution of the interest, be carried over until to-morrow, and continued in the next evening's series of 'Tales of my Landlord.'

Mr. Browning, however, knows when he has got a listener, and fixes him.

"He wanted me," continues the landlord, scarcely leaving his pipe

alight, so fully is he enjoying the luxury of an undisturbed narration, 'to take him in last year. "I'm very sorry your Royal Highness," says I,—it was about this time, when we're always quite full, (Flickstow quite full in July, says the visitor to himself), "I'm very sorry," says I, "but I can't do it." "Oh yes you can," the prince says to me. "I can't do it," I told him; "if you was to offer me all your jewels, your Highness," says I jokingly.

The visitor supposes that the Maharajah must have laughed at this humorous conceit of Mr. Browning's.

"He did," says the landlord more to himself than to the questioner, as if a prince's laughter was not a matter for vulgar joking. "I couldn't take him in. I was obliged to say to him as I would to any one" (Visitor notes the landlord's independence), "If your Royal Highness wants rooms in the hotel, you must give us notice some time beforehand, or else we're full."

The visitor learns the moral thus pleasantly conveyed. He also learns that Flickstow at certain seasons is full, and this intelligence, if he really be in search of quiet, will naturally enough scare him away from Flickstow.

But Flickstow might be full to suffocation and yet remain the home of the solitary; that is, within certain limits. These boundaries are the Martello tower on the right and the second breakwater beyond the flight of steps that leads up to the top of the cliff, on the left.

Again, Flickstow, as a rule, dines at midday and sleeps like a boaconstrictor until the evening, when Flickstow, being lively in the prospect of tea or supper, disports itself on the beach. If the lover of solitude dines at seven and takes his walks abroad during the afternoon, he will be unmolested by children, and the only creature, at all resembling his fellow man that he will meet, is one of the coast-guard.

Mr. Browning's house is the Bath Hotel, so called because there is a bath-house in the garden. Were

Flickstow anything but what it is, the bath-house of a hotel, where hot and cold baths are given, situated in a garden at ever so short a distance from the house (and you have to go down hill to it), would be an inconvenience.

Dress as you will, no one will see you, and if they do none will notice you, except the boys who drive the goat chaises, and wallop the donkeys. The latter, however, will not be astonished by your appearance.

At Flickstow the world may be soon forgotten; that is, if you rise before Flickstow is out of bed, sit on a part of the beach unfrequented by Flickstow, walk when Flickstow dines, and dine while Flickstow walks, and be asleep before Flickstow is even thinking of feeling

tired. An occasional tourist, or some one in search of lodgings, whom you may come across in the parlour (there is no coffee-room), will give you tidings of the outer world, and will present you with the 'Times' of that day. The arrival of a newspaper or letters at Flickstow, is a matter of much excitement, on account of its uncertainty.

A letter may take two days or more in reaching London, and your paper has probably afforded much amusement to several people on its journey to you.

No one can get nearer to Flickstow than five miles, including a ferry, on one side, and twelve miles in an omnibus on the other.

The omnibuses are divided into



two classes, one is pretty fair, and the other is execrably bad. Both will serve your turn, in fine weather, but only the former when it pours, as the latter lets in the rain through some cracks in the roof, and the windows are of such a peculiarly ingenious construction, that, once being let down in order to obtain air for the half-stifled damp 'insides,' no available leverage is sufficiently powerful to bring them up again; so that, what with the shower-bath of a roof, and the douche at your back, but for the look of the thing and the cleanliness of your boots, you might as well have been walking, as the contented Irishman said when the bottom of the sedan-chair fell out.

Both these vehicles run to and fro between Flickstow and Ipswich.

Flickstow possesses a church. When you ask where it is, you are told it is 'across the fields.' No one here has any distinct idea of distance, nor of the existence of any means of conveyance beyond a 'bus and a ferry-boat. Every place inland is 'across the fields.'

Flickstow also boasts of a circulating library adjoining the tap, and situated in a corner of the hotel garden, where the lending of books is combined with a trade in wooden spades, envelopes, sand-boots, and china ornaments. Mudie's list of two years ago still finds favour in the eyes of the higher educated classes of Flickstow.

There is another circulating library of a conservative character (the Mudie one is of liberal and progressive tendencies) which is contained in a wooden toyshop (itself as much like a toy as anything within) on the beach. From these shelves the middle-aged and elderly readers of Flickstow gather their literary honey, and denounce the other shop near the tap, Mudie and all his works. Here, wishing to patronise the indigenous merchandize, the visitor may purchase some stones, supposed to be 'precious,' and certainly deserving the epithet in one sense, any tin ornaments that may suit his fancy, studs of a dullish metal under a glass case, spades and sand-boots in opposition to the other circulating library, and by paying a penny, a day he may store his mind with such specimens of an elegant style as 'The Wonderful Adventures of Mrs. Seacole,' 'The Confessor,' 'The Albatross,' 'Father Darcey' (author unknown), 'Aristomenes,' 'The Idol demolished by its own Priest' (No. 87 in the book), 'Incidents of Missionary Enterprise,' (including the spelling,) and 'Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia.' The last was in hand when we kept for it.

In ten days' time I became accustomed to the dullness. I was cheerful, but subdued. A friend of mine, a Sybarite, wrote to me to say that he would come and spend a day or two with me, on his road somewhere else. I was pleased, but not excited. When he arrived he was excited, but not pleased. He had travelled with eight very wet peasants, some odd baskets, and a hip bath, in the miserable conveyance hereinbefore mentioned; and had been sitting in a pool of water with the impracticable window open at his back, and a boy smoking bad cigars (and allowed so to do by the admiring rustics within) by his side. Within two miles of Flickstow he, with four of the gentler sex, and a baby who, when it was not taking suction out of a bottle, was crying bitterly, was taken out of the bus to finish his journey in a fly; when the Sybarite was obliged to ride outside to oblige the ladies.

The Sybarite insisted upon having a view of the sea, both from his sitting-room and his bed-room, and, in fact, from any part of the house where he might happen to be. What had I ordered for dinner? asked the Sybarite.

Now hitherto I had, for the sake of peace and quiet, left it to the landlady, who invariably catered for me to the very best of her ability, and therewith I had been content. When, therefore, I told the Sybarite that I didn't know, he evidently began to question my sanity. 'Fish, of course,' said he.

I said, 'Yes, I hope so;' and I really did hope so, for previous experience of Sybarites informs me that an undined Sybarite is the most disagreeable companion possible for one entire evening. He was sitting at what it amused me to call 'my end of the coffee-room,' at a window commanding the sea. This end of the public parlour (coffee-room by courtesy) I had, by the ingenious device of getting the waitress to close the folding-doors, fashioned into a private dining-room for my own particular use. With this contrivance I confess to having been as much pleased, as was Robinson Crusoe with his original hut.

The Sybarite found fault with it on the spot. Why couldn't we have a private room? he asked. I felt that my interest, somehow or another, was bound up with the landlord's. I explained to him that the hotel was full.

'Full!' cried the Sybarite. 'Do people come here! What's this room?'

I explained, in order to put him in a good humour, that it was my dodge—dodge was the playful word I used—for being private.

My ideal privacy was somewhat unduly disturbed by the entrance of a party of six persons at least, whom we couldn't see, but could hear, who had come into the adjoining compartment to have some tea, and who did not possess a single 'n' among them.

'Very quiet,' sneered my friend.

I knew it was not very quiet as well as he did, but I was getting angry, and felt bound to defend the

general still life of Flickstow. I told him that this was not Brighton. He thanked me for the information sarcastically. I explained that he must expect to rough it a little at Flickstow. He replied, that if he had known, that he would have seen Flickstow—in fact, he'd have gone elsewhere. He wished me distinctly to understand that it was my presence at Flickstow that had induced him to come out of his way, when he was, in point of fact, actually on his road, as he had before informed me, 'elsewhere.' I was annoyed at his assuming this tone with me, but I struggled heroically with my feelings, and trusted in the emollient effects of dinner.

It came at last.

'Sole,' said I, rubbing my hands, 'capital!'

Of course they were the *only* fish he couldn't touch. Never mind him, he said, in a resigned tone, he would wait for the meat. In the mean time, what wine was there.

Sherry? bring some sherry, a pint.

The sherry came. The Sybarite with a sneer asked me if I drank that muck every day. Now I pride myself on being rather a judge of wine, and I did not like to confess, that not only had I drank that muck every day since my arrival, but that I had rather liked it than otherwise. So I pretended not to know anything about it, and laid down, as a general rule, that it was better not to take sherry at such small inns as this.

'What *did* I drink then?' he wanted to know.

I informed him that my invariable beverage was the lightest possible claret, with, I added guardedly, water, or soda water.

That wouldn't do for him.

What meat was there? 'A nice dish of veal cutlets, done on purpose for me: come, let me help you.'

This I said in my cheeriest tone.

'What did I say? Cutlets?'

'Yes,' I answered. 'Veal cutlets.'

Ah! of all the things that the Sybarite detested, veal cutlets were the most loathsome.

His dislike almost took away my appetite. Luckily they found him

some cold beef, which he ordered to be minced, and salad which he mixed himself.

After dinner, feeling more charitable towards the world, my friend lighted his cigar. His enjoyment was of short duration. I had forgotten that we were still in the public coffee-room, and that through the folding-doors the smoke could penetrate. That it did this, was very soon evident by the feminine coughing in the next division, and after a short duet between basso and soprano, a bell was rung, and in another three minutes, the landlord himself came in and rebuked me for allowing the Sybarite to smoke. I could not plead ignorance of the rules, nor the fact of the folding-doors being illicitly closed. After appeasing the landlord, I beguiled my wrathful friend into the greenhouse, where he was bothered by the large moths, and utterly losing his temper retired to bed, vowing that he would be off the first thing in the morning.

The next day being Sunday (he had intended staying from Saturday till Monday), he determined to pick his way to church. As he generally carries a small library with him, the proceeding was somewhat tedious, seeing that the roads were in some places almost impassable, on account of yesterday's heavy rains. He had heard that there was to be a Grand High Church service two miles off at a neighbouring village, and eschewing the Use of Flickstow he took his road 'across the fields.'

We reached the church at half-past eleven, and the people were just coming out. It appeared that the service had commenced at ten o'clock on that Sunday, as the clergyman had to serve two other parishes in the day. This visit did not strike me as in any way improving the Sybarite's temper. On Sunday he ordered dinner, complained of the cooking, found the bitter beer (bottled) flat, the draught beer sour, and was impatient of the claret. He subsided into brandy and water, and an early bed.

He went away grumbling on Monday. What account he gave of the place and my mode of living, I am at a loss to know.

He had come like the serpent into Paradise, and had left me dissatisfied with my position.

I became restless. I couldn't read, I couldn't write. I fell to complaining that the papers did not arrive daily, and of the postal irregularity. I ordered no more sherry, and became suspicious of the lightest claret. On the third day after his departure, my equanimity was partially restored. On the fourth day a stranger visiting the inn praised the sherry, and was delighted with Flickstow. He was an elderly man, and, from what I gathered from his conversation, was a member of the Athenæum, and was on speaking terms with five members of parliament and a couple of bishops.

Such an authority was of greater weight than the Sybarite, and my placid happiness was re-established.

I should have remained there, but that, alas! the season began in real earnest.

An organ began it. While I was meditating over a metaphysical work, and inventing a theory about the complex action of memory and will, I heard *La mia Letizia* played by a whistling itinerant musician.

I shook my fist at him, and stopped my ears with my fingers. He laughed at my expressive pantomime, as if I was doing it to amuse him, and touched his cap. I betook me to my notes.

'Go away!' He won't: not a bit of it. Children belonging to a re-



cently-arrived family are at the window, whistling, chuckling, crowing, dance a baby diddy! Ha! ha! Out I go, far over the sands.

Flickstow, according to matutinal custom, is out on the bench.

What is this change that has come over the spirit of my dream?

What is this pop, pop, popping? Can I believe my eyes? Near the circulating library is a large target, and a woman making a fortune at two shots a penny, and prizes in untold nuts.

I hear some one say that the Volunteers will meet here next week, and that there are going to be fireworks on the sands.

I am a mile away from Flick-

stow. Quiet reigns around me. (This is a note I find in my pocket-book, dated on the identical day of the incursion of the savage hordes.) A boat full of people comes on shore. They jump out. They are calling to other people somewhere else in my neighbourhood. Hampers are appearing. Other people from somewhere else halloo back again, and exchange badinage. It appears that the latter party have just dined, and are consequently exhilarated. Another halloo, more distant still (just where I was going to walk quietly), announces a party actually at dinner. I see it all. I have dropped down right in the middle of a pic-nic. As I continue



my walk onwards, they make remarks on my personal appearance. When I return, two hours afterwards, they are still there, dancing with a fiddle, and, as far as badinage goes, as lively as ever: as far as practical joking is concerned, livelier.

The landlord informed me that there are pic-nics on the beach 'a'most every day.'

The next morning the proceedings were opened by a brass band. I wandered into the garden; but

people were beforehand with me, walking up and down, looking at the sea and the ships through glasses.

I went on to the beach: there were the children, the donkeys, the two shots a penny for nuts, two negro delineators, bathers, and further on the pic-nic parties.

I walked inland by the marine cottages, and working men rushed out upon me, supposing that I was in search of lodgings. I was driven back to my room. The band had



not moved. Such a band! Five small boys, with the largest and worst specimens of wind instruments, and a drum, led by an elderly fiend on a cornet.

I looked at the map. To-morrow, said I, I go to Sutherland.

That evening, while the landlord was recounting to me, for the twenty-second time, the doings of his friend the Maharajah Julip Sing, I took occasion to mention to him how much it grieved me to be obliged to leave Flickstow. Flickstow quiet, said I, is beyond comparison delightful; but Flickstow noisy is execrable.

Mr. Browning, albeit a landlord, owned that he preferred Flickstow quiet; although Flickstow, quiet or noisy, was undeniably recommended

by the Faculty, I must recollect that. He begged me to see it in the winter, when I might have the opportunity of going out shooting wild ducks with his Royal Highness the Prince Mahratta Mint Julip Sing, with the great gun and in the punt bestowed upon our obliging landlord by that munificent foreigner.

If I could, I said heartily, I would; and if I can, I will: for Flickstow, is like 'Charley Mount, a pleasant place in the glorious month of July;' and in every other month, were it not for the festive incursions, which may delight some good folks, but did not me. The ancient name of this marine village was Felix Stow; but modern pronunciation has clipped it into the

form Flickstow, as I have here written it.

My last moments at the hotel were rendered miserable by three juvenile members of one family attempting to play 'Pop goes the Weasel' with one family finger, on the untuned notes of a cabinet piano. Bed-time and nurse removed them. The next morning I took—having previously ordered it with much atten-

tion to detail—the best phaeton that Flickstow could provide. This is what Flickstow produced.

In this melancholy machine I made for Suthold, which was, I was told, without exception the quietest place on the east coast, or, in fact, in England.

So to Suthold I went. By the way, my landlord didn't say that the Faculty recommended Suthold.

## A TALE OF THE SCARBOROUGH SEASON.

### CHAPTER I.

#### ON A STAIRCASE.

I DON'T know why there should be something pleasantly suggestive about a staircase; but there is. A nice wide staircase, on whose carpet your foot makes no sound, and against whose balustrade you might have leaned some hot night years ago, talking, with a fan or a bouquet in your hand, and a companion in gossamer listening to you. Perhaps your words meant very little indeed in reality; but the chances were that they would be heard again in dreams when you were far away, and remembered them no more. You couldn't help putting into them more than you felt; time and place and surroundings were to blame for that, not you. And it was so stifling in the crowded rooms up there above. People thronged and jostled each other without mercy; whilst here there was space and quiet, pleasantly broken by the distant music; and you could talk of the parting which might be for ever, and lower your voice, and for the moment half persuade yourself that here was your fate. Thus you might have stood, as my friend Captain Ralph Galton is standing to-night on that friendly staircase, looking down upon the thick carpet under his feet, and wondering, with a vague sense of irresponsibility, what he shall say next, and what will come of it. Mr. Galton is but a country squire, and his captaincy is simply a yeomanry cavalry affair;

but he has a baronetcy in prospect, and there is nothing countrified about him. He has been everywhere, and seen everything. He is—or was—a little tired of the London season. A white hair or two might be seen prematurely glistening in his black, close-cut locks, and no one would suspect the wealth of strength and muscle in that arm which is trifling rather languidly with a lady's bouquet of hothouse flowers.

'Lady Julia always leaves town before August is over then?' said Mr. Galton, just raising his eyes to his companion's face. 'And this year she goes——'

'North. I believe it will be Filey or Scarborough. You know both places, of course?'

'I'm ashamed to say no. I begin to think a man should see something of his own country before rambling over others. I'm sure you agree with me?'

'I don't know. I shall be glad to get away from town; and mamma likes going early. I'll take my flowers now, Mr. Galton; we had better go back: they will wonder what has become of me.'

'Let them,' said Ralph. 'Consider that it's all over for me,' he added, rather incoherently, 'and I'm to look forward to no more meetings like this, Miss Tennent. What an odd thing it seems for people to come into almost every-day contact

for a time, and then go their separate ways and forget each other. Do you know it's a little hard upon a fellow?

Miss Tennent gave him a quick puzzled glance, and laughed.

'But I don't see why we shouldn't meet again sometimes. I suppose you'll be here when all the world is here, Mr. Galton?'

'No, I'm a rover. My cousin—you've heard of him, I think; they call him the count—lays forcible hands on me and carries me off whither he will. He has some mad plan about Africa in his head now. Never mind that, however. You say you are glad to get away to the country, Miss Tennent. I don't think you'd like the country all the year round.'

'Perhaps not,' said the young lady, drily. 'I've an idea, nevertheless, that I should have made a very good farmer's daughter. But I'm not likely to try the country; it wouldn't suit mamma.'

When the captain spoke next they were moving on into the ball-room, and he still held the flowers.

'I wish you'd give me one,' he said. 'Do. I'm not a sentimental man, but I should like one of these. I'll keep it as an augury that we shall meet again.'

And then a gentleman came up to claim Miss Tennent, and Ralph's chance was over. He stood a little while watching her, moodily, so absorbed in his own thoughts that he started when a voice at his elbow accosted him familiarly.

'Hipped, Galton? Or—let me whisper it—caught at last? Poor old boy! I did think you were fire-proof. A man ought to be, by Jove, in such an atmosphere as this. But Lady Julia doesn't do the thing badly, considering how poor they are.'

'Poor' repeated Ralph, speculatively.

'Pinched, very: and three daughters to get off her hands. Look at her. Upon my word, I've a sort of admiration for these indefatigable women. And she has been handsome, too.'

Now Mr. Galton experienced a sensation of disgust at these remarks. He hardly knew why, for

a very little time ago he might probably have made them himself. He shook off the unwelcome critic, and passed on. He had a great mind to alter his plans. He was accountable to no one, he thought, rather dismally. He was alone in the world, and his own master; what would it matter to anybody where he went or what he did?

More people in that room who knew him nodded to each other, and murmured that the captain was 'caught at last; but inasmuch as these kept their opinions quiet, they did not hurt him. Lady Julia herself had not been unmindful of him, nor of the little tableau on the staircase. It was true that she had three daughters, and was a careworn, hard-worked woman. Moreover, this one, Evelyn, was the youngest, and, as her mother considered, the most hopeless of the three. The poor lady thought of the baronetcy in prospect, and sighed out a great sigh of mingled hope and despair. They were so very poor, and it was so difficult to keep up appearances and live like the rest of the world. And these 'at homes,' which of course she must give for her daughters' sakes, did pull so heavily upon her lean purse. The annual visit to the seaside, too, was an indispensable outlay. She could not be in London when all the world was rushing away from it. But here, too, that hard necessity for economy had to be considered; and when some kindly adviser went into raptures over Scarborough, and assumed that of course the fashionable south was the only part to be thought of, Lady Julia smiled a ghastly smile, and said that she dared not try it—the air was too relaxing for the girls. Her medical man had positively ordered the North Cliff. Indeed, Lady Julia herself needed bracing. She knew in her secret heart that this evening, from which she had hoped so much, must be reckoned a failure so far as the affairs of her young daughter were concerned.

'Evelyn might,' said her ladyship, with bitter irritation; 'the game was in her own hands; I know she might have brought this tardy

captain to the point; and he will be Sir Ralph—not that a baronet is much; but then he is rich. I almost wish we were not going away.'

If Lady Julia could have known the thoughts which perplexed the brain of the country squire that night, what a brilliant ray would have shot across her gloomy regrets and forebodings.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE COUNT REMONSTRATES.

'I don't understand thee, Ralpho mio. Talk of the attractions of this place—and to me! Stuff! Will you smoke?'

The squire turned in his seat and took the offered cigar.

'I like the place,' he said; 'it's fresh; and you needn't have come; nobody wanted you, that I know of.'

The gentleman of the cigar case, a slim, black-haired fellow, with a fine moustache, and a would-be Italian air about him, shrugged his shoulders slightly, and punctured the end of his cigar preparatory to lighting it. When this was accomplished, he threw a glance over the bay, far above which the two were lounging on an iron seat amongst the shrubs and flowers. He slurred over the shoals of white sails in the distance with serene contempt; they were probably only insignificant trading vessels; and then he came back to the pier and the little packet which had got up its steam, and was scudding away for Filey.

'As to me, it matters little. I am everywhere, and everything, except stationary. But, Ralpho, think of Ischia and Baia. To us who have stood on Tiberio and seen the sunlight shine on Napoli and its blue bay; on Amalfi; on—but what signifies talking? As little as these Sicilians understand the admiration of the forestieri, which, nevertheless, they trade upon, can I comprehend this mad rush to a bleak northern rock and its chilly waters, unless—'

'Well, count, unless? Suppose

I were tired of wandering in foreign lands?'

'Non capito.'

'Speak English, Dick, and don't pretend,' said the country squire, brusquely. 'I shall not indulge you with that fictitious count any longer. It has got so habitual, that people will actually begin to believe the scapegrace of his family a real live count.'

'You are so energetic,' remonstrated the count, feebly; 'so very English. Seriously, Ralpho, you introduced me last night to a Lady Julia something—forget what. A rather lean woman, you know, with daughters; one of them like a capriote girl, only not so handsome. There can be no attraction in that quarter, eh?'

'Seriously, Dick,' retorted Ralph, 'I wish you would become a respectable member of society. Give up the wanderer, and settle down—marry, if any one will have you.'

The count took his cigar from his lips in speculative amazement.

'Amico mio, I possess a bare competency for one. Look at me. Are these hands to work? Is this restless soul to be still? No, no, the fool marries and settles down; the great-hearted man travels. He enlarges his experience; he learns from the wide open book of human nature; he becomes a god in his knowledge of good and evil; he is able to move men like puppets to his will.'

'And then?' said Ralph, with an odd sort of pity in his tone; 'and then he grows old, and his friends, if he has made any, which is doubtful, fall away, and his knowledge turns to bitterness, and—'

'Ah, bah! my good fellow, no croaking: it's commonplace. The best of life is but intoxication. Come, we will settle the Burton and Speke controversy next. We will have a look at the Victoria Nyanza. Let us go at once, and give up the capriote. Ralph,' said the count more earnestly, 'don't you know that you are a catch in the matrimonial market-place? The lean woman knows it, my Pius Eneas. I have spoken. If this goes on I shall feel compelled, as your cousin

and fidus Achates, to win the young lady's affections myself, and save you. It's distressing to think of, I know—a blighted young heart—consumption, an early grave—but che fare?"

Captain Galton's face flushed an angry red; then he broke into a laugh; for what use to be angry with the count?

'Dick, you are an insufferable puppy, and worse; but we have been friends. Don't force me to quarrel with you.'

'Who, I? I quarrel? My dear boy, what for? I haven't the energy in me. By the way, en garde; cigars down.'

The two gentlemen rose, and the wandering count, Richard Galton, familiarly Dick, stood for some moments as a Frenchman would stand with his hat in his hand, in the vain expectation of being told to return it to its natural position. Lady Julia scarcely saw him. For Ralph her sweetest smile, her most cordial hand shake; for Ralph at first a charming flow of animated trifles, and then a slight expression of regret in answer to his polite inquiries after the two absent daughters. Dear Evelyn was not quite well, and Grace had remained indoors with her; but it was nothing; it would pass off. Most probably they should all enjoy together the evening promenade at the Spa. Delightful, was it not? All the pleasure of the sea air combined with the attractions of a concert-room. Mr. Galton would excuse Lady Julia now; she was really obliged to pass on.

The count, looking after her ladyship, twinkled his black eyes as he selected a fresh cigar, and said aloud, 'Keen, very keen. Never mind, Ralpho. We have been fellow-travellers too long to be separated. You will yet traverse with me the bogs of Uganda, and stand enraptured on the shores of the mighty lake.'

Ralph never heard a word; he was looking down into the short grass under his feet with a lazy half-smile on his lips that told his cousin well enough where his thoughts had wandered. Richard

Galton sank back on the iron seat, and smoked, sulkily.

'It never shall be, if I can help it,' said this gentleman to himself. 'Is my life to be mulcted of half its luxuries for a dark-faced girl with a gaunt mamma? No, Ralpho mio, I can't afford to lose thee. Pleasant company and a long purse—no, no!'

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE GUARDS' WAITY.

Lady Julia sat in the amphitheatre under the colonnade, well screened from any draught. A slim gentleman with an olive complexion had secured this seat for her, and he had been talking to her for some time: one low languid voice amidst the general buzz, distinct only to the ear for which it was intended. Lady Julia's eyes had wandered to the little pavilion wherein the band was stationed, and her attention, to all appearance, was fixed upon the rows of gas jets running round it; the glittering chandelier and the musicians themselves. No one would have guessed, except perhaps her companion, the suppressed anxiety which was hidden under her smile as she listened to the conversation of the slim gentleman beside her.

'He was always an excitable fellow,' proceeded the latter, gently. 'A very good fellow indeed, very; my nearest friend, in fact, as well as my cousin; but a confirmed rover, I fear, like myself, by this time. You know how much we all become the creatures of habit.'

'I suppose so,' said Lady Julia, still smiling. 'But habits may be broken, you know.'

The count shook his head.

'It might have been better, as you observed just now, Lady Julia, if my cousin had settled down early in life and become a steady country squire; but that is all over now; it is too late. I am firmly convinced that Ralph will never marry. As for me, there are no social considerations to affect my movements. Lonely men, Lady Julia, naturally seek to create for themselves interests and pursuits in place of those

which are denied to them. These may be but as paste to the diamond. I cannot say. I fancy in Ralph's position I might have been different, yet you see how it is with him; and after all, what a fine generous fellow he is! Forgive me, however; it must seem egotistical in me to parade my friend before you. I—'

'Don't say so, Mr. Galton. I am a believer in friendship. The world scarcely does justice to it.'

A slight smile curled the count's black moustache, but he did not answer, for just then the 'Guards' Waltz' struck up, and Lady Julia began to speak of the music. It fell softly on other ears besides those of the poor harassed lady, if indeed there was any softness in it to her anxious heart.

'You remember where we heard that last,' said Captain Galton; 'and the flower you gave me. I said I'd keep it as an augury, and you see we have met again. Miss Tennent, have I done something to offend you?'

He asked this with a sudden accession of bravery, for he had been disappointed. This was not the young lady who had stood with him on the staircase, but a chilly likeness of her. Ralph did not know why, but as he recoiled from the freezing politeness of her greeting, an angry, uneasy suspicion darted into his mind, with the count for its object. It was soon banished, however. As he asked that bold question, Ralph, leaning over the wall with his face seaward, was dimly conscious of all the surroundings, which, as part of a whole, seemed to come between him and the answer. He saw the lights spring up in the little fishing smacks out on the bay, and heard the gentle splash of the water against the wall as he leaned over it. Behind him there was a moving of chairs under the colonnade, and the buzz of a thousand voices, as the tulip-bed of human beings sauntered in two distinct streams up and down; and, over all, mingling with other sounds and softening them, the music of the 'Guards' Waltz.' He waited patiently for Evelyn's answer, but it

did not come. And all at once this poor foolish country squire felt his heart leap into his throat, and his pulses stand still at the light touch of a gloved hand on his arm. He knew the next moment that the action was unconscious, and she was not thinking of him.

'Mr. Galton,' said Evelyn, 'look there.' The moon had come out from behind a cloud, and threw down one long line of rippling glory to the edge of the bay. A fishing-boat broke the line; a mass of black with silver light upon it. They could almost see the form of the fisherman stand out in relief against the black shadow of his boat, and his red light shone like a watchfire in the whiter radiance of the moonbeams. Ralph did look at all this, and from it he turned to his companion.

'How small it makes one feel, doesn't it?' said Evelyn; 'and what a poor affair all this gas and glitter behind us seems. I wonder what the fisherman out there thinks of the quiet night, and the silver on his face. Nothing, perhaps. I should like to change places with him for five minutes.'

Mr. Galton did not answer. He could not take his eyes from her face, it was so changed. All the coldness was gone out of it, all the stiffness and propriety which had so irritated and disappointed him. And yet it was with a little pang of regret that he acknowledged to himself how far away he was, individually, from her thoughts, and how little he had to do with the change. For the moment, he was simply one out of the mass of human beings—a sort of abstract comprehension to which her own instinctively appealed.

'Look round,' she went on, 'and listen. Thousands of lives, and every life a story; who knows how hard some of those stories are? And then, hear the perpetual hush of the sea as it creeps up the shore. I've read that somewhere; as though a pitiful patient "hush" were all that could be said to every struggling soul in its sorrow. But they won't be patient for all that. It makes one want to comfort people.



I've an insane desire at times to break away over the rubicon and see if my hand can bind up no wound before I die.'

'You are thinking of Florence Nightingale?'

'Yes, I am, and of such as she was. Not that I could ever follow their steps. I rise no further than wishes—empty and profitless.'

'You are so young,' said the captain, uneasily. 'When you know a little more of the world—'

'The world!' broke in Evelyn, with some bitterness. 'What world, Mr. Galton? you forget that this is my third season. No! I don't think I want to know more of the world.'

The captain's next venture was a quotation from a poem, and it was a blunder. She turned upon him with a quick return to the old manner.

'I hate poetry; I never could bear it. Mr. Galton, I am disposed to hate you, too, for having been a listener to my ravings just now. Don't let us play the ridiculous any more, please. I shall go and find mamma.'

They turned towards the crowded amphitheatre, Evelyn leading the way, seemingly indifferent as to whether Ralph followed or not. As for him, the light dazzled his eyes, the braying chorus which had succeeded the 'Guards' Waltz' deafened him, and he was vexed. Perhaps Miss Tennent knew this, and repented a little. At any rate, he found himself all at once face to face with her, and heard her voice saying, with something of appeal in it, 'Mr. Galton, some day, if mamma can get over her dread of the water, we will go for the sail you spoke of. Good night!'

She held out her hand to him, and then went away. Ralph had a glimpse of the count's figure rising to follow him as he turned to leave the promenade. He had a sort of indistinct consciousness that an arm was thrust through his own, that he was led unresisting amongst winding paths, shrubs, and grottoes, while the distant music mingled oddly with the never-ceasing tramp over the bridge, and the red spark of Richard Galton's cigar flashed

before him from time to time, as the count took it from his lips to tell some fresh anecdote of Lady Julia's powers of finesse. But the captain knew all this very vaguely indeed, and he only roused himself with a start when his cousin stood suddenly before him in the path and barred his progress.

'You are bad company, amico, and I'll go,' said the count. He bent forward a little as he spoke, and his small black eyes gleamed into Ralph's with an expression of intense mischief.

'Have a care of the capriote, Ralpho mio. There's an ugly story that she was engaged to some poor fellow, and has jilted him for a greater match. You and I know that the Lady Julia would manage this, don't we? A clever woman, very. A rivederti.'

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### ON THE CASTLE CLIFF.

There was a concert in the Assembly Rooms at the Spa, and the promenade was thinner than usual. Captain Galton sauntered about amongst the flowers up above, trying to make up his mind. He had a cigar in his mouth, and every now and then the red spark at the end would go out while he stopped to smile down into the turf at his feet, like a modern Narcissus, only the image that he saw there was not his own. And at times, something troubled this image—a momentary cloud only, which just darkened it to his eyes and then vanished. It was the speech which Richard Galton had made some nights ago when he parted from his cousin in disgust at his lack of attention. Not that Ralph believed it. He thrust the idea from him with supreme scorn when it obtruded itself upon his brighter dreams. But the thing was, it would obtrude itself. He couldn't forget it. He hated the possibility that gossip should dare to take Evelyn's name upon its lips and slander it. For if such a thing as that of which the count had spoken were true, she could be no love of his. But it

was not true; he had but to call up her face as he saw it at times, open and frank, and beautiful, exceedingly to him, and the doubt fled away vanquished. Some day, he thought, he might tell her this idle story and laugh at it with her. They had met very often in these last few days, and the count, gazing on the sort of mental paralysis which had seized his cousin, so far as the outer world was concerned, shrugged his shoulders with a moody 'o sciolto,' and almost despaired. He did not know that even now fate was about to play a single stroke in his favour. Captain Galton suddenly flung away his cigar and started at a quick pace to walk up the Castle Cliff. He had been idle all day, and he wanted a good stiff climb, and space and solitude to think it all over once again. He passed the one-armed sailor with his miniature ship, not stopping to talk as he usually did, but pressing on as though he had some object to gain in reaching the ruins before him at a given moment. He stood on the broad summit of the cliff and leaned back against the iron railings, with his hat off, and the wind blowing fresh about his head. Again he saw the lights begin to spring up in the fishing-boats on the bay, and the moon come out from a cloud and shine down upon them as it had done when Evelyn touched his arm to make him look. He was thinking of her, of the count's words, which did so haunt him, and of a possible future, when he turned his head and saw a figure coming from amongst the ruins in front of him. An odd feeling of uneasiness began to steal over the captain. He had no time to wonder what it meant, for the figure came on hastily. It was a man, hatless like himself, but with a face that looked haggard and wild in the moonlight, and with bloodshot eyes that seemed to see only one spot in all the waste of water far away below the cliff.

Captain Galton was a brave man, but there was something in this wild figure and its mad rush towards the iron railing—all that separated it from the precipice beyond—which made him draw his

breath sharply, with a vague sensation of terror—not altogether for himself. It flashed upon him suddenly that the man was about to throw himself over. There was no time to think. Instinctively, Ralph started from his leaning posture and stood between him and the railings.

'Are you mad?' shouted Ralph. 'Stop!' There was a single violent word in answer, and Ralph Galton saw the stranger fling up his arms and spring forwards on one side of him. The next moment the two had grappled with each other. Ralph felt the hot breath on his cheek, and the two arms close round him like a vice; but the country squire had been too well trained to be taken by surprise. For a few seconds he stood his ground firmly, and then all at once the man's grasp relaxed; his arms dropped heavily, and he stood back staring at his opponent with an expression of rage and hatred. The moon shone full on the two faces; Ralph's a little paler than usual, but steady and composed; the stranger's, haggard and gaunt, with dark hollows under his eyes, and a quiver of suppressed passion about his lips.

'You!' he cried out at last, raising his hand and shaking it at the captain. 'I knew it would be so; A fit meeting. You miserable, cowardly villain! I wish I had a pistol that I might shoot you like a dog. I swear I would do it, if they hanged me for it.'

He went a little nearer and peered up into Ralph's face of amazement with a fierce sneer.

'I saw you with her last night,' he said between his teeth. 'Oh, it was pleasant! honeyed moments, were they not? Just so she used to smile on me before you came and bought her with your pitiful money. You poor dupe, you fancy she cares for you. I tell you it's a lie. She loves me—me, a poor devil of a younger son who had nothing but his love to give, and so she sells herself to you. No, I'll not punish you; the punishment is enough. Fool! you may take her to your home, but her soul is mine to all eternity.'

Captain Galton stood stunned and

helpless as this strange flow of words fell from the man's lips. The dark ruins, and the grass, and the distant light, all danced before his eyes in one confused mass, and the only thought that stood out clear before him was this: Richard Galton's tale was true. He never stopped to reason about it. The terrible earnest and reality which burnt this man's words into his heart left no room for mistrust or hope. A little while the two stood there facing each other, and then the reaction which follows such stormy passions as his came upon the stranger, and he staggered to the railings and sank into a sitting posture with his forehead in his hands.

'Why did you stop me?' he said. 'It's cool down there, and my head is on fire. I am quiet enough now; the devil is gone out of me. Leave me to myself, if you are a wise man.'

Ralph was silent a moment, and then he bent his white face down close to the hands which looked so cold and bony in the moonlight.

'As you are a man,' he said, in a low voice, 'as you shall answer for every word spoken here, was she your promised wife?'

'I swear it.'

'And she—threw you over for—me?'

'For your money, you fool. Go, I tell you, while I am quiet, and free me from this devilish torment. Hush! who's that?'

Ralph started back, for a hand was put on his arm drawing him away, and a third voice broke the spell, which tempted him still to question.

'I didn't mean to be a listener,' said the count, gently, 'but come away now.'

Like a man in a dream, Ralph turned and went down the hill with his cousin. He hardly knew, indeed, where he was going or what it was that had happened; he only felt that terrible, dead weight of oppression; of something in the background which he must think over by-and-by when he should be able for it; that shrinking of the soul from such an examination, which

comes upon us with some heavy and unlooked-for blow. Half way down the hill the hand on his arm grew heavier with a momentary pressure, and the count spoke, a novel gentleness in his tone.

'Poor old boy!' he said, 'I'm sorry.'

Ralph turned with a sudden bitter and unaccountable irritation, and shook him off.

'Leave me to myself, Dick. I don't want pity, and there are times when a man can't brook being worried.'

The count walked on, and Ralph, leaning against the wall, watched the round balls of light far away on the promenade, and heard once more faintly the music of the 'Guards' Waltz.' Was *she* amongst that dim throng of moving figures? Only last night they had talked together beside the sea wall; and a dull sense of self-contempt came over him as he remembered his own happiness at being near her. With a common spirit of self-torment Ralph left his position and went to walk up and down amongst the gay people on the promenade. He would go over it all again; he would call back the dream which had made that place of bustle and glitter so sweet a paradise to him; he even sought out the exact spot where Evelyn had stood listening to him the night before.

'False,' cried out Ralph, with a silent, inward cry. It was all he could say or think. The word was stamped upon everything he saw, in his bitterness. False—to her lover, to him, and to herself; false and mercenary.

'Like the rest of the world,' he said aloud, turning from the sea; 'I've done with it.'

Some one looked up into his face astonished, but he did not care. What were appearances to him? What was life—what anything?

'Dick,' said the captain, coming suddenly upon his cousin that night, 'let us go. Lady Julia must have a farewell card, and then for Egypt, or Panama; California, or the Catcombs; but the farther away the better. I'll never see Old England again.'

## CHAPTER V.

E SCIOLTO.

Never again. Away from it all and forget it. What was this foolish dream of a few weeks that it should wreck a life like his? Captain Galton walked up and down the platform, glancing aimlessly into the carriages of the train that stood waiting its time. Not that he cared about choosing his seat; but he was restless and miserable, impatient to be off; and he could not stand as the count did, to all appearance absorbed in the conversation which was going on briskly between the station-master and some of the passengers. Chancing to look at his cousin, however, Mr. Galton's attention was caught by the expression of his face; it had a strangely eager look; the nostrils were dilated and the thin lips compressed. Ralph's eyes rested upon him with a languid wonder, and when he looked up and saw them he started and went hurriedly to meet his cousin.

'Not there,' he said, sharply, as the captain passed. 'Take the next, Ralph; we shall have it to ourselves.'

Again Ralph looked up at him wondering. The gentlemen to whose conversation Richard Galton had been listening had chosen the carriage before which he stood, but in a general way the count liked to have fellow-travellers. A fit of perverseness seized the country squire.

'This is as good as any other,' he said, getting in. 'It doesn't matter to us about being alone.'

The count, biting his moustache as he followed, muttered once more between his teeth 'E sciolto,' and threw himself back upon the cushions. The other occupants of the carriage continued their talk, but Ralph was staring vacantly into the flat expanse of heath and moorland through which the train had begun to move, and he paid no attention to them. All at once, however, a sentence caught his ear, and made him turn away from the window.

'They think he must have thrown himself from the Castle cliff. A one-

armed sailor that stands at the gate begging saw just such a figure go up the cliff late in the evening.'

Then Ralph leaned forward and asked a question.

'Yes. I wonder you didn't hear of it,' was the reply. 'The whole town was talking of it when we came away. He was a lunatic, you see, and had managed to get away from his keeper somehow. A fishing-smack brought in the body early this morning.'

Ralph shot a glance at his cousin, but the count's eyes were closed, and he seemed to be asleep.

'It's a romantic story too,' proceeded the gentleman. 'The poor young fellow was engaged to be married, and the lady threw him over for a rich merchant. They say he had been mad ever since, always searching for his rival, and imagining every stranger that came in contact with him to be the man.'

The captain's hands were pressed tightly into each other, and he spoke again slowly.

'And—the lady?'

'Oh, she has been married some time. The daughter of an Irish peer—poor, of course, so it was best for her. This young fellow was only reading for the bar. I forget the name—Warrenne or Warrington, I think.'

Again Ralph glanced at his cousin, and he saw that the sleep was sham, and the count was furtively watching him out of the half-closed eyes. An angry spot came into Captain Galton's cheeks, and he turned again to the flat landscape, thinking with desperate impatience what a mad fool he had been. His fellow-passengers talked on, but he heard nothing more. The count, watching him, saw once or twice a suppressed quiver about his lips which boded, he thought, no good to himself, and Richard Galton sighed, for he had done a mean trick to no purpose. When they reached York, the captain sprang out with an impatient 'At last,' and on the platform he turned to his cousin.

'Dick, you have played me false. You knew all this and never told me.'

The count shrugged his shoulders. 'I only knew this morning. You were half cured, amico; why should I interfere to bring back the disease?'

'Our ways are different henceforth,' said Ralph, briefly.

He walked a few steps down the platform, and then hesitated. The same impulse must have moved the two men; for when he paused and looked back he saw that the count had stopped also and was looking after him with an unusual wistfulness in his face. Ralph went back and held out his hand.

'I can forgive you, Dick, sooner than my own rash credulity. We may never meet again, and it won't do to part like this.'

'You're a good fellow,' said the count, with an odd mixture of pride and humility; 'and I wish you all the happiness that I would have kept from you if I could—that is, if it is happiness, which I doubt. And so good-bye, old fellow. You'll hear from the Nyanza yet.'

'Come back with me,' said Ralph, with sudden compassion.

The count shook his head. He knew that he was not wanted; and the life that he saw stretched out before his cousin would not suit him. He was one of that restless tribe to be met with occasionally

scattered here and there about the continent or the remoter corners of the world; at home in all scenes, yet never at rest; he will wander from place to place a solitary man, until age or disease comes on, and he creeps away, sick and frightened, to some wayside inn, to die amongst strangers, alone as he has lived.

But Ralph had little thought to spare for the wandering count. His mind, which had been so wavering when he took that walk up the Castle cliff, wavered no longer. He knew now what this chance that he had so nearly flung away was to him. And under the lamps on the promenade he told Evelyn Tennent the story of his encounter, and another story, as old as the hills, but always new. And I think it would have done even the count's impassive heart good to see the radiant look which beamed on Lady Julia's poor tired face as she sat under the colonnade that night and knew that the future baronet was won, in spite of all those absurdly romantic ideas with which her youngest daughter had been wont to drive the poor lady to despair. Then comes the National Anthem, and the bustle is greater than ever; then the promenade is deserted, the lights are out, and nothing but the perpetual hush of the sea breaks the silence.



# OLD ENGLISH HOUSEKEEPING (1685-1761).

I HAVE here on the table, open before me, an old book which I wish I could show to the readers of this paper. It is an account-book kept by a lady of ancient family, and by her nephew, in the last century. It has been in its day a very fine book, no doubt; small folio, bound in vellum, and of very good paper. I make a mark on the paper now with my own pen, and find it much better than that on which I am describing it. I shall not give the names of these worthy persons; but I can assure my readers that every detail which I furnish to them is authentic. They must bear in mind that until the year 1752, the year began on the 25th of March. Therefore January, February, and March to the 24th inclusive, were the last months of the year. The book begins very peremptorily, without preface, or any announcement that it is the day-book, or journal, or 'leiger' of anybody.

'1700. This week begins Octo. y<sup>e</sup> 19, 1700.'

That very day the items are these.

	£	s.	d.
For 4 Stoeve of Beafe .	00.	07.	09
For 17 lbs. of Mutton .	00.	04.	03
For A Goose . . .	00.	03.	04
For 3 Chickens . . .	00.	03.	00
For a Peecke of Flower	00.	02.	00
For 12 lbs. of Butter .	00.	05.	06
For a Quartern of Egges	00.	01.	06
For a Peecke Loafe . .	00.	00.	09
For Wheat and Otecakes	00.	01.	00
For Rootes . . . .	00.	00.	04
For 4 Turkey Egges .	00.	00.	06
For 3 Paire of Jeblets .	00.	01.	06

Not added up. The next entry goes on below this day: and at the bottom of the page the whole amount of the expenses of several days is added up, but not carried over to the next page. The next page starts fresh on its own account. But then, at the end of the week, though the science of carrying over seems to have been unknown to the lady, a total is obtained.

'This weeke ends Octo: 25: 1700: comes to 04*l*. 18 04*s*.' So the entries go on. We will follow them and

see how the housekeeping prospered and varied.

For example, on the 24th of October, 1700, this lady bought 'a Quart of Sacke' for two shillings, probably with a view to hospitality, and, '2 Brase of Carpes,' for which she gave five shillings and sixpence. Evidently a good housekeeper, she continued her hospitality to the next day, on which she spent sixpence for 'Codlins,' four and sixpence for '3 Quarts of Red Port,' sixpence for 'a Pinte of Creame,' and one halfpenny for 'Wallnuts.' It must be owned that the price of three quarts of Red Port would agreeably meet the requirements of a good many palates and purses in 1865; or, one suspects, in any other month and year to come. In the same month, four 'Lemmons' cost one shilling. These sound dear to us. 'Reassons and Corrance,' or, as we should call them, raisins and currants, are charged as costing fivepence halfpenny: but the quantity is unluckily omitted. Many persons are living who will recollect hearing raisins called reassons. It was clearly the pronunciation of educated gentlewomen in 1700. 'Dary Butter' is carefully distinguished, by separate entry, from 'Butter,' and seems to have been bought sparingly. Thus, one day, there is 'Dary Butter,' fivepence: 'Butter,' four shillings. 'A Custurd Tart,' in the same month, cost sixpence. How much one would like to know what sort of a dish it was in; how long, how wide, how deep. The 'Milke score'—obviously cut on a stick—for this first week, was five shillings. The 'Washer woman' one shilling. 'Soape' ninepence. So they washed at home. Fish, besides the 'Carpes' and some 'Anchoues' cost four shillings and twopence.

October 26, 'Six Quartes and a Pint of Pease' cost one shilling. There seems to have been always 'A baskett woman' coming to the house: I suppose we should call her a market woman now. The lady



never tells what the baskett woman sold. It could not be much; for the money charged against the baskett woman is small in quantity. Thus when, by some glut of the itinerant market, 'a Baskett Women' arrive together, the whole outlay is twopence. But the entry which succeeds to these reveals the nature of their wares. 'For sheeling y<sup>e</sup> nutts,' fourpence. The same day 'an ounce of Nutmeggs' cost sevenpence. So something pleasant was in hand. Ladies will read with surprise that on November 1, in the same year, 'A Cods head Oyesters Shrimps Perches Red Herrings' cost, in one lump, five shillings. The same day a 'Peecke Loafe' cost ninepence; a 'Legg of mutton,' two shillings and fourpence; a 'Loyne of mutton,' one shilling and ninepence; and two 'Rooks,' twopence. So old rooks were then eaten.

The fifth of November seems to have been an occasion of festivity. More than a (small folio) page records the edibles and potables of that day. 'White Bread' has a separate entry to itself of threepence; then there was 'Bread' elevenpence, and 'Small Bread' threepence. Wine cost seven shillings and sixpence: and, strange to say, 'Corkes' two shillings. Most likely the wine was bought from the wood and bottled for the occasion. Good corks are now worth about a halfpenny each. If that was their price on November 5, 1700, it is obvious that a large list of toasts had to be got through that day. Do not you wish you could see it? One is not surprised at finding that, on the 12th, the lady 'Payd y<sup>e</sup> Brewer' Two pounds, five shillings, sevenpence.—O monstrous! But one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack.

We get a little information as to family movements by the following entry:

'This Peece of a Week ends Nouem: 11: 1700. Then my Brother Will: came to Towne, and that comes to £05. 04. 03½'

But, the lady goes on to say—

'From my Brother's going into sheero till His Returne, y<sup>e</sup> House came to: £68: 04: 04½' (not

a farthing, but ½) 'whereof his Part £039: 15: 11½.'

This day begins the next page, 'My Brother Will: — came to town: Nou 11. 1700.' Naturally follows, 'Wine' 03 shillings: 'a Loyn of Veale' tenpence: 'Puddens and Sawsedges,' tenpence: 'a Peecke Loafe,' one shilling and sixpence. Whether the arrival of the brother had had a beneficial influence on the baker, or how else it came about, I cannot tell; but, on the 14th, 'a Peecke Loafe' appears at one shilling and fourpence. On the 15th 'a Quart of Oyesters' is two shillings: 'a Copell of Duckes,' two shillings and fourpence: 'three Fowles,' four shillings: '9 lb. of Butter,' five shillings and threepence: 'halfe A 100 of Egges,' seven shillings: 'halfe A 100 of Appells,' eightpence; '3 Lemmons,' sharing the fall in prices, twopence; and, a 'Hog's face and blacke Puddens,' thirteen pence. Then follows sugar. 'Six Pound and ½ of Shuger,' six shillings and a penny halfpenny. We have certainly improved upon this. And two pounds 'of Reassons of y<sup>e</sup> Sunn' cost ninepence.

The cost of a cook comes out on the 16th of this month: 'The Cookes dyet and Coch hier,' three pounds one shilling: 'The cooke's halfe-year's wages, Three Pounds.'

The account is continued by the lady to December 23, 1701. And during that period I find the following prices:—

In 1700, 'a Patterege' cost one shilling and fourpence. This I presume to be a partridge. The entry 'For Pallets and Coxcombes' is perplexing. They cost unitedly fivepence. Five 'Pare of Soules' cost two shillings and elevenpence. 'All Spice' threepence. 'A quart of Veneger' fivepence. Eight pounds of cheese, ten shillings and sixpence. Eight Pounds of 'Poorke,' two shillings and fourpence. Ten Pounds of 'Pattatahs' tenpence. The spelling of our treacherous and failing root shows that was still felt to be an exotic. We have lived to hear of a horse being entered to run under the name of 'Pot 8 os,' a piece of pleasantry which would

have been impossible or unintelligible in 1700. Two 'Mutton Peyes' cost one shilling: reasonably large one hopes; but if of the modern mutton pie dimensions, very dear. 'Cinement,' which I take to be cinnamon, comes in very rarely: no quantity is given, but it cost one penny. Two 'Moopes,' presumably mops, cost two shillings, that is one shilling each. 'A Pound of Mackerones,' macaroons, cost one shilling and twopence. 'For Backeing (baking) y<sup>e</sup> Pastry,' she had to pay a shilling. In December 1700, 'A Lemmon' was again at a high price, threepence; which is rectified after a few entries, before the end of the year, by three Lemmons, threepence. A turkey in that month cost three shillings and sixpence. 'A Beafes Heart,' a shilling. 'Two Tounges,' three shillings and sixpence. 'Six Oringes and Six Lemmons,' together, eighteenpence. A very odd entry occurs more than once, 'For Changeing of Candells.' After some consideration, I conclude that it means an exchange of kitchen fat against candles supplied by the chandler. The transaction is marked as costing the lady three shillings and eightpence. This was in January 1701, or, as she writes it, 1701. It occurs again in March, 'For change of Candells;' and this time costs two shillings and sixpence. 'A Pinte of Oyle' costs one shilling and threepence. In March 1701, 'Five Pounds and a quarter of Shuger' cost six shillings and sixpence, and 'Patatahs' are still a penny a pound. Twelve whittings were bought for half a crown. In April there was a balancing between the lady and her brother; the process not recorded. But the result is summed up, 'Thus farr Counted for with my Brother, Apr: the 2. 1701.' And a new start is made on the top of the next page. 'Here begins my new account with my Brother Will: sence I made up y<sup>e</sup> account in Apr: 2: 1701.'

A few more entries shall once more close this lady's account. 'Wigges' get into the book at curious amounts. December 14, 1700, 'Wigges' one shilling. March

15, 1701, 'Wigges' two shillings and fourpence. March 27, 'Wigges' two shillings. April 16, 'Wigges' one shilling and ninepence. This, I suppose, was for dressing the wigs of the brother and sister. 'A Lobster' cost eighteenpence in May. Three hundred of Sparrow Grass cost one and sixpence. Four 'chall-dron of Coales' cost six pounds. 'A Quarter of A Pound of Coffey' cost ninepence in January, and in October, 'a Pound of Coffey' cost three shillings and fourpence. In June 'a Creame Cheese' cost one shilling and fourpence: 'Cowcombers' sixpence: '12 Hartychoakes' one shilling and sixpence: 'a Potell of Strawberrys' fourpence. In July 'A dosson (dozen) of Candells' cost five shillings and fourpence: 'six quartes of Beans' one shilling: 'halfe a Peecke of French Beans' eightpence: '2 Bottells of Renish' four shillings, and '2 Quarts of Claret'—observe, not quart bottles—three shillings. It would look odd to see in an account book of September 1865, such a collocation as the lady gives in September 17, 1701. 'For Nutts and 2 News Papars,' twopence halfpenny in all. Letters were rare luxuries, at least by post. No doubt many others passed by hand. But on February 26, 1701, the lady charged 'For Letters' sixpence: and until October 21 I see no more charged: then 'A Letter,' fourpence. At the bottom of page one hundred and twenty-one of these and similar entries comes, 'For a Shine of Beafe,' one shilling. And then the handwriting stops for ever.

The book was not more than half filled. A little loose paper still lying among the leaves shows memoranda of the coming and payment of servants, from 1685 to 1689. During these portentous years one reads how Abraham came, and Jane, and Ned, and Mosses, and Sussan, and Jacke and Gyles (not Jyll), and Mary Cooke, who, with change of Christian name, appears to have been, even at that remote period, greatly subject to change of place. So we close the page on mistress, man, and maid.

But the book was tenacious of

housekeeping, and had a future. Considering how they are at this moment employed, my readers have the best reason for acknowledging its persistent vitality. It lay by quietly, with that last 'Shine of Beafe, one shilling,' on its mind, for nearly six-and-forty years: when, the daughter of 'my brother Will——' having married a gentleman of great name, the book, and the new lady, appear to have passed to him by one transfer. The gentleman, following the tradition of the book, does not write his name—though 'I know it—but starts, in a very different handwriting to the good aunt's, with 'House-keeping at —— begun April 3d, 1747.' I will give a few of his entries. But his use of the book does not supply so many things worthy of a note. In April 1747, the 'Sparrow Grass' of 1701, has fined itself into 'Asparagress.' In March 1748 three chaldrons and a half of coales cost two pounds fifteen, in a coal country: and three quarters of 'oates' one pound sixteen shillings. A joiner is called a 'Wood Joiner.' Newspapers had risen in importance by June 1756, when I find the gentleman charging 'Newspapers' one pound fourteen shillings and sixpence. His son is to be traced through a great school, to Oxford. In 1754 and after, boys wore wigs. April 18, 1754, furnishes an entry for 'Tommy's wig,' twelve shillings. And again, on March 5, 1755, 'Tommy's Wigg' cost twelve shillings. This was before he went to the school, and while he was there. Here are some entries of his school expenses. May 1755, 'Tommy's Bills at ——' Two pounds, seventeen and eightpence. June 1755, 'Tommy's Bills at School,' Fifteen guineas. January 1756, 'Tommy's Bills,' Fifteen pounds, fourteen and sixpence. May 1756, 'Tommy's Bills,' Eleven pounds fourteen and tenpence half-

penny. But May 1759 takes the young man to Oxford; and then 'Tommy's Bills at Oxford and Quarterage,' show seventy-one pounds.

The book ends in February 1761. Apparently, the gentleman got tired of it: for the leaves which are torn out have so much of them left as to show that they had not been written on. Very likely the new way of entering figures which begins to show itself in his later entries, determined him to have a new book. All the lady's entries, and all the gentleman's early entries, beginning with 1747, are made with a *o* in the place of the tens where the sum consists of any amount below ten. Thus, one shilling is entered '01: 00.' But in some entries of wages at the end of the year 1747, apparently for the year 1748, the *o* is left out. It goes on, however, pretty regularly for some years, but decreases in frequency, till, in 1760, it is reduced to a small minority. On the last page it ceases to appear: under the year 1761. This is worth noting.

I must close the book once more. The son went to Oxford; his son went to Oxford; the next generation, and the next, did not. The race flourishes still, in honour and plenty. Long may they do so. But I confess the old housekeeping book gives some reflections beyond marketing, and asserts facts more interesting, though not less common, than strawberries, 'oranges,' and 'shines of beafe.' *Tempus edax rerum*, goes to market with us all in a grand way. The lady, and her brother, and her pleasant niece, and the new husband, and then the boy Tommy, and the men and maids, and the basket women, have all been disposed of by him. Even the versatile 'cooke' has, by his intervention, one more change added to the many previous changes arranged between her and my lady. I shut up my old Vellum Book.

FIVE MINUTES LATE!

FOR my love I've waited long while,  
As often I've done before;  
He's behind his appointed time,  
A minute, or two, or more.

It's a shame to be treated so,  
I don't think he loves me well,  
At least not as much as he ought—  
'Such an elegant-looking belle.'

It's not of myself I say it;  
I only echo the words  
Of those charming-looking fellows  
Who danced with me at the Byrds.

I'll up and see if he's coming,  
O'er the garden wall I'll peep;  
If I sit any longer here,  
I'll dream myself to sleep.

He's coming! I see him! heigh ho!  
I doat on being in love,  
One feels so consequential  
When called an 'angel' or 'dove,'

And that, too, by handsome fellows,  
With beards and mustachios long;  
Well worth the trouble of wooing,  
With eyes, or sighing, or song.

Oh! doesn't he seem in a flutter,  
As he hastes across the field:  
Now, he stops to look at his watch—  
My heart's beginning to yield.

No! my brows I'll knit in anger,  
Though I've ne'er done so before;  
But I'll do it this time—I will,  
He's five minutes late, or more.

Perchance, the fault of delaying  
May not be a fault of thine;  
I'll change my mind, and wear a smile,  
And with it my face shall shine.

As long as Vincent has known me,  
Clouds have ne'er hung on my brow,  
And what he never has seen there  
He shall not see there now.

We've sworn to be true to each other,  
And vowed to love till we die;  
He sees me now—I know he does  
By the smile that's in his eye.

Well! he is a charming lover,  
And the best I ever knew,  
He says, in his socks he measures  
A little o'er six feet two.

I think I shall run and meet him,  
But, am I not in a mess?  
Oh heavens! that horrible briar  
Has destroyed my new silk dress.

I've no time to be scolding now,  
I'll go and open the gate,  
And shall whisper in Vincent's ear,  
'Five minutes, or more, you're late!'

When he hears me say so, he'll blush,  
He is so gentle and meek;  
By way of a payment for time,  
He'll plant a kiss on each cheek.

It's the last time we'll meet to woo;  
And it's not worth while to chide.  
To-morrow, he'll sure be in time,  
To-morrow, I'll be his bride.

E. J. B.



## MODERN SIRENS.

**T**WAS in the good ship Ravensworth,  
 The lady fair and kind,  
 Who took the pains to give me birth,  
 Was 'cabined and confined.'  
 And I was 'cribbed' upon the wave,  
 A puling little stranger,  
 And nursed, where 'scattered waters rave,'  
 Upon the lap of danger.  
 The date was—well, I'm not on oath,  
 I still am youthful, rather—  
 I'll tell the month, and by my troth,  
 Will not be questioned farther.  
 'Twas when the year was ripening fast—  
 Still faintly I remember—  
 My tears, abaft the mizen-mast,  
 First fell in fair September.  
 The latitude was very low,  
 But that's no shame on me;  
 'Twas fifteen, north—the glass, I know,  
 Stood high—at ninety-three.  
 A line that girdled half the earth,  
 The longitude would measure;  
 Thus to be born, in such a berth,  
 Was sadly taking pleasure.  
 However, that's all over—quite;  
 A native of the seas,  
 I have no birthplace, so I write  
 My parish in degrees.  
 I sought it once, five years ago,  
 That spot in the Pacific,  
 But knew it not—ah, me! the blow  
 Was perfectly terrific.  
 The skies were very different then,  
 The waves were not the same—  
 It seems I must belong to men,  
 Because I have a name;  
 Yet oft I sadly *ruminate*,  
 Over my glass of grog,  
 If I am not a freak of fate,  
 Or some one else *incog*.  
 And oft I rack my heart forlorn,  
 In hurricane or squall:—  
 'If I at no set place was born,  
 Ah! was I born at all?'  
 But that is neither here nor there—  
 I soon began to frisk it,  
 And, ere had passed a fortnight clear,  
 Was weaned on junk and biscuit.  
 But all this time the wind had failed,  
 And failed our onward motion;  
 The sun and stars were all that sailed  
 Above the sluggish ocean.  
 The listless waters heaved and rolled,  
 But lacked the will to go,  
 Till many a tedious day was told,  
 Slower and yet more slow.





Engraved by F. J. Stoughton

# MODERN SLEAZES

"What a beautiful view of modern life  
 is presented to us,  
 showing the world as it is, with  
 nothing but the truth."

"The only picture of modern life  
 that is so true and so  
 complete, showing the world  
 as it is, with nothing but the truth."

—The Daily News

## MODERN SIRENS.

IT WAS in the good ship Ravensworth,  
 I, The lady fair and kind,  
 Who took the pains to give me birth,  
 Was 'relaxed and confined.'  
 And I was 'cribbed' upon the wave,  
 A puling little stranger,  
 And abroad, where 'weathered watery raven'  
 Open the lap of danger.  
 The day was—well, I'm not on oath,  
 I still am youthful, rather—  
 I'd tell the month, and by my teeth,  
 Will not be questioned further,  
 'Twas when the year was opening fast—  
 Still faintly I remember—  
 My tears, about the navel-most,  
 First fell in fair September.  
 The latitude was very low,  
 But that's no shame on me;  
 'Twas close to earth—the glass, I know,  
 Almost down—at ninety-three  
 A sea that girded half the earth;  
 The longitudes would measure  
 Time to be born, in such a way,  
 Was sadly taking pleasure.  
 However, that's all lost—quite!  
 A mass of the sea,  
 I have no birthplace, as I write  
 My march in degrees.  
 I wrought it once, five years ago  
 That spot in the Pacific.  
 But know it not—ah, had I then  
 Was perfectly terrible.  
 The waves were very different then,  
 The waves were not the same—  
 As now I must falling be calm,  
 Because I have a name,  
 And all I sadly contribute,  
 But my glass of grog,  
 A cork and a frock of fun,  
 My compass and my log.  
 And now, when my heart is broken,  
 To have such a sightfall—  
 As I sit in my glass you know,  
 And was I close at all?  
 But that is beyond here and there—  
 I must begin to break it,  
 And, as I passed a fortnight clear,  
 Was wound on pink and bliscuit.  
 But all this time the wind had failed,  
 And failed me onward motion;  
 The sea and stars were all that galled  
 Above the sluggish ocean.  
 The bottom waters heaved and rolled,  
 But lacked the will to go,  
 Till many a tedious day was laid,  
 Slower and yet more slow.



Drawn by T. S. Scoscombe.]

# MODERN SIRENS.

"What hounds the juv at mermaid's lay  
If I, in sorry plight,  
Beside the syren's quail, who pray  
About the Isle of Wight.

"Of old, Ulysses counted three;  
I'm overcome by five;  
And were, if one could smile on me,  
The happiest fool alive."

[See the Poem.]



At length a storm, that seemed to rise  
 From nowhere, thundered forth;  
 The gales that blackened all the skies  
 Drove us north-east by north.  
 'Twas well for me it came; for I  
 Was very plump and tender,  
 And men glared at me with a sigh,  
 As rations grew more slender.  
 Now, if the wind would but endure  
 For half a thousand miles,  
 My tottering life would be secure  
 Amongst the Sandwich Isles.  
 If once among them safely moored,  
 The sailors, one and twenty,  
 Again would take their hearts on board,  
 And gentler grow with plenty.  
 Ah! isles of Nature's bounty free,  
 With bliss in every nook,  
 A larder in the barren sea,  
 Yet fatal to a Cook!  
 They showed at length, and every soul  
 Grew sleek on thoughts of beef;  
 When through the bows a stanchless hole  
 Was broken by a reef.  
 The ship swung round and clear; but now,  
 Half-sunk, she soon was stranded:  
 The babe was saved—I know not how;  
 The mother—never landed.  
 Since then, although I do not tell  
 When happened this event,  
 The sea, that spared by miracle,  
 Hath been my element.  
 I've proved the risks of polar floe;  
 I've proved the wild typhoon;  
 I've sailed where Maelström used to show,  
 And braved the fierce monsoon.  
 There is no terror of the deep  
 That hath not frowned on me;  
 I've slipped fell Scylla in her sleep,  
 And forced the open sea.  
 At me Charybdis raved in vain,  
 And with her fetters strove;  
 I've scorned, upon the open main,  
 The mermaid's songs of love.  
 Buoyless and beaconless, where chart  
 Had never showed the way,  
 I've kept good watch and cheery heart,  
 And won at length the day.  
 Alas! what boots it to escape  
 The shocks of fate and weather;  
 To round successfully the Cape,  
 For fifty times together;  
 At every peril past to laugh,  
 And pay my danger-vows;  
 If, always victor o'er the Calf,  
 I must succumb at Cowes?  
 Through bergs of pointed ice to steer,  
 And never once be nicked;  
 If in calm sea and weather fair,  
 I'm off the Needles pricked?

What boots the jeer at mermaid's lay,  
 If I, in sorry plight,  
 Before the sirens quail, who prey  
 About the Isle of Wight?  
 Of old, Ulysses cozened three;  
 I'm overcome by five:  
 And were, if one would smile on me,  
 The happiest wretch alive.  
 Ah! if they knew—but don't they know?—  
 The strong no more is strong;  
 The one that threw a rope to tow,  
 Might have me for a song!

Rovers who prize your liberty,  
 Beware of shallow navigation;  
 Take not the 'Mantrap' yacht to sea,  
 Nor parley with the craft 'Flirtation.'

A. H. G.

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## THE PLAYGROUNDS OF EUROPE.

### *The High Pyrenees.*

THE Low and the High Pyrenees are territorial, not descriptive, terms; they fix an administrative boundary, rather than denote a geological feature. Both are Low, because both slope down to the plain of France; and both are High, because the difference of the altitude of their loftiest peaks is not considerable. The highest summits of all the Pyrenees (La Maladetta, Le Mont Perdu, and Le Pic Posets), rise from Spanish ground, to the south of the principal mountain chain.

The eighty-eight departments of France (including Corsica and the newly-annexed Savoy and Nice) were named after the most striking geographical circumstance which happens to appertain to each. Thus, Nord, or North, speaks for itself; Finisterre is the French Land's End. Pas-de-Calais takes its name from the passage which we call the Straits of Dover; Calvados from the rocks which fringe its coast; Puy de Dôme from the singular peak which towers above it. Others have rivers for their godfathers and godmothers; as Yonne, Var, Seine et Marne, Charente, and Charente Inferieure. Others, again, derive their title from hills and mountains,

as Côte d' Or, or Hill of Gold, Vosges, Hautes Alpes, Basses Alpes, which brings us to our starting-point, the Hautes Pyrénées and the Basses Pyrénées, besides which there are the Pyrénées Orientales.

We are still at Eaux Chaudes, in the so-called Low Pyrenees, thoroughly enjoying a daily soaking in its tepid springs. At Pau, on the 16th of September, the thermometer was up to 70° Fahr., and here the air is hotter still. At Eaux Chaudes, the wind can only blow either up or down the valley; to-day it comes down it, like a sirocco, stirring up what little dust there is. The people call it *le vent d'Espagne* (the Spanish wind, or the wind from Spain), and say that it will blow in that way until rain comes. My bedroom overlooks the ravine, at the bottom of which rushes and roars the *Gave*. Here let me state that 'Gave' is not the name of one particular stream, as some travellers have thought, but a Pyrenean word—(they have a whole glossary full of local expressions)—meaning a brawling mountain-torrent. Thus, the Gave de Pau is the river which flows past Pau, while the Gave d'Ossau is that which runs through the Val d'Ossau; just as, in Scotland,



there is no one stream which is called 'The Burn;' though there may be the burn of Bullockbraes, the burn of Coddlekrankie, and a hundred others, real or apocryphal.

It is well to make friends with the Gaves at once. You will rarely find a sleeping-place without having one for your next-door neighbour. By day, when you have other things to see and hear, they do not obtrude themselves on your attention; but in the dead of the night, as you turn in your bed, they shout with a voice to which you cannot shut your ears, 'Here I am still! I never rest nor stop. I began this exercise before you were thought of, and shall go on with it after you are forgotten. Despise me not, dislike me not, but admire and study me; for He who made you, made me also.'

In my chamber, the ceaseless, ever-noisy Gave d'Ossau made much the same impression on me as the roar of London streets heard within-doors. In a few hours, one gets used to it, while further habit would render it a sedative; like the monotonous tic-tac of the mill, the stopping of which prevented the feverish miller from sleeping. But by listening, I found that my Gave had a voice; it could talk, though I did not yet understand its language. And then, my Gave was so lovely in its own proper person. Beryl and chrysolite may be beautiful substances, but their beauty is nothing to the beauty of the living substance of the Gave. Its waters, when I first saw it, combined perfect transparency with some indescribable brilliant hue. The trout reposing in its pools, and the pebbles at their bottom, became themselves enamelled jewelry enshrined in crystal. Professor Tyndall showed the colour of distilled water (of which, in a drinking glass, it exhibits no trace) by passing a beam of electric light through a cylinder fifteen feet long, half filled with water, and stopped with plate glass at both ends. The air-half of his image remained pure white, while the water-semicircle was bright and delicate blue-green. I wish he had a few gallons out of the Gave to

try; but he will hardly quit his beloved Alps, though even here he might find some respectable foreign climbs, with the additional pleasure of risking his neck.

Before a dancer makes her entry on the stage, she stretches her limbs with a few preliminary skips behind the scenes. Before the pedestrian makes a long ascent, he will train his muscles with a preparatory walk. Just such is the walk from Eaux Chaudes to Goust, a village perched on a shelf in the mountains. It consists of some dozen houses sown broadcast, each with its orchard and piggery attached, inhabited by seventy or eighty individuals who are all cousins more or less, forming a sort of little republic governed by a council of elders. Ecclesiastically, it is a hamlet of the town of Laruns (ever so far off down on the plain, and piously built on the ground plan of a cross). For baptisms and weddings there is little difficulty; new-born babes are portable, and brides and bridegrooms are rarely halt or lame. At funerals, they simply allow the coffin to slide down the rock by the force of gravity; and then, when it has reached the bottom, they decently convey it to its final resting-place.

It is impossible to mistake the way to Goust; after crossing the Pont d'Enfer, a zig-zag path conducts you up to it. If you chance to see a viper basking in the sun, there is no need to irritate the beast; for not only is France richer than we are in vipers, but the vipers are richer than ours in venom. Less formidable strangers to meet are the wasps, who build their little nests full in the sun against the naked rock. Near the bridge, a torrent rushes down to the Gave, at which the ladies of Goust wash their linen, and after washing carry it up again. Rather they than I; for up at Goust you are suspended in the air, as if you were visiting a colony of jackdaws. The horses, trotting along the high road below, look like black or chestnut mice; while the sheep, browsing on the hill side opposite, might be taken for that rarity, a swarm of white

flies. The descent, too, on foot, from Goust, is a nice little exercise of the crural sustainers of the human body.

When gazing at the range of mountains seen from Pan, there is one which is sure to attract attention; it is a cloven peak a little awry. To compare great things with small, it is like the tail of a rotifer seen under the microscope. Its name is the Pic du Midi d'Ossau. Being near it here, I resolve to walk to its foot, in spite of the Spanish wind. What a striking excursion! An excellent road (although leading to nothing, or, if you like, to a wilderness) conducts you as far as Gabas (the last village, and a station of French customs-men), through an avenue, or rather a crowd of lofty mountains; some clad to their very summits with mixed forests of firs and deciduous trees; others, only half way up, the remainder rising in barren nakedness. On the branches of fir hang tufts of mistletoe, not a common parasite, I think, on them. The road often hangs in mid air, with a profound wooded gulf below, and majestic ruined crags aloft. There are profuse thickets of box, hazel, *black-berried* elder, and bramble. It is not until you attain a certain elevation, after leaving Gabas, that the *red-berried* elder of the Jura is met with.

From Gabas to the French frontier is ten kilometres, or nearly seven miles. A wretched road, much more satisfactory to traverse on foot than in a carriage, takes you steeply and roughly up to Bioux-Artigues (a name only, not an inhabited place), where charcoal is deposited to be brought on mule-back down to the lowlands. At Bioux-Artigues, you have reached a considerable elevation; and find yourself looking down upon a grassy hollow, from the extremity of which the double-horned Pic du Midi d'Ossau towers aloft. Note that there are several Pics du Midi, each of which has its distinctive name. To proceed further, you must follow paths known only to guides and smugglers, with the certainty of meeting with neither shelter, accommodation, nor refreshment. One guide-book coolly in-

forms you, 'You may go from Arrens to Sallent by a footpath little frequented, except by smugglers, which nevertheless deserves the preference of tourists, for the sake of the wild and picturesque valley through which it passes.' In another place it tells you, 'For want of a guide, apply to a smuggler.' But the recent commercial treaty between France and Spain may have the usual consequence of rendering smuggling an unprofitable trade.

All the whole way from Eaux Chaudes up to this concluding point, is a solitude; and, but for the road, a pathless wilderness. There are no cottages, no cows, no busy comers and goers. Of the half-dozen people beheld on the highway, one was a poor man with a goitre, which opens the door to a discussion (which I spare the reader) on the causes of goitre. One theory is, that it proceeds from carrying heavy burdens when young. There was even a scarcity of birds and beasts; only a few lizards on the rocks; a few wagtails and waterouzels (the pretty bird persecuted in Scotland, under the false accusation of eating the salmon's roe, whereas it eats the water-insects, which really eat the salmon's roe,) flitting to and fro across the Gave; a few sheep without any visible shepherd, and a few charcoal-carriers with their grimy donkeys. There is a waste of wealth and a neglect of material. The marble remains unhewn in its rock; where the tree falls, there it lies, and rots. There is a waste of manufacturing power, in letting the waters fall unemployed, which the sun has lifted all the way from the ocean. They grind no corn, they saw no wood or stone, they churn no butter, they rock no Pyrenean babe to sleep, they press no oil, they prepare no tan for the currier. As you gaze at those innumerable charming cascades, they seem almost to beg for something to do; and yet no man will supply them with useful work.

This solitude, this absence of inhabitants and travellers, is one point in which the Pyrenees are greatly contrasted with Switzerland. In the latter country, at every

remarkable point of view, you will find a hut, a refreshment stall, a chalet, an hotel, and that in the most extraordinary situations; witness the two hotels on the top of Mount Pilate. One of these days, there will be an hotel on the top of Mont Blanc (although that has now been shifted into France), with omnibuses for the conveyance of passengers thither. It is only for experimental ascents, and very, very exceptional excursions, that you need carry food with you. At every turn, on every hillside, you continually meet travellers from all parts of the world. In the Pyrenees, away from the villages, which are few and far between, unless you carry your own nosebag, you may reckon upon starving; and you meet so few people, that the exception confirms the rule of there being nobody to be met with.

While reposing on the velvet turf, under a clump of trees, at Bioux-Artigues, with the Pic du Midi drawn up to his full height in front of me, I refresh the bodily man by taking luncheon. After what has been stated, needless to say that the luncheon had been carried from Eaux Chaudes thither; otherwise I might have lunched on grass and buttercups. Three or four travellers on horseback approach, attended by a mounted guide, of the first class, of course; and also of course, the guide has taken the best horse for himself. They are hurrying homewards; for a few big rain-drops have announced that the Spanish wind is coming to its usual conclusion. They pass close to me, and we exchange a few civil words. To descend the rugged slope up which I have climbed, they are requested by their guide to dismount and walk, of which he himself sets the example. It is usual to do so hereabouts, on arriving at any rough little bit; but hiring a horse for the pleasure of leading it, is very like the privilege allowed to Whittington by the kind waggoner who permitted him to trudge up to London by his side. 'As well,' I thought, 'to walk purely and simply, and save the money.' Therefore, by attending

to the warning drops, and by putting one foot before the other, Eaux Chaudes and the hospitable Hôtel Baudot were reached in time for the table d'hôte. At night, I dreamt that the Gave had altered his tone, and was trying hard to tell me a piece of news.

In the morning the Gave had changed his language; his continuous brawling was louder and hoarser than before. The news was, that the *vent d'Espagne* had ceased; that it had rained heavily all night long, and was raining still; that the bed of the stream was fuller, with the water, instead of being clearer than glass, turned opaque and muddy, and the wind blowing up instead of down the valley. Pity it rains; because no walking over the Gourzy mountain to Eaux Bonnes, even should it hold up. It does hold up at noon, so the road round the mountain is taken instead.

Eaux Bonnes is a finer place than Eaux Chaudes, and frequented by finer people. It is a village of hotels, whose ground plan is a horse-shoe, lighted at night with bright oil lamps, and which just fills a slope between the hills. To show how space is economised, you will find a cellar converted into a billiard-room. One of its most striking buildings is an hospital for the reception of poor patients, which is being erected at the cost of the Farmer of the Waters. There are charming walks, amongst which is the Promenade de l'Impératrice, where you may hear the owl hooting after sunset. All the inns at Eaux Bonnes are probably good. The Hôtel de France (kept by Taverne, Senior) is clean, comfortable, and far from dear. Excellent table d'hôte dinner, with wine, 3½ francs; breakfast, with meat and tea, 2½.

In projecting a move from Eaux Bonnes to Argelès and Canterets, the peculiar formation of the Pyrenees must be remembered. You may either drive down one valley and up the other by the road, or you may go over the intervening ridge by the horse and foot path. I choose the latter under the con-

duct of a guide. There is a carriage road *making* from Eaux Bonnes to Argelès direct, but let nobody persuade you that it is made. I saw it overhead, while mounting to take the short cut by the Col de Tortes, at such a height above us that it looked like a road in another world. The view from it must be magnificent. To the left of the Col is a curious rock, shaped like a double rock-crystal; and at its foot, in the middle, is a little aperture or natural door, through which the daylight streams like a star. Other rocks are twisted into whimsical shapes that most strongly strike the fancy by twilight, while others look suspended in so nice an equilibrium, that the least puff of wind would cause them to fall. It is a wild walk, through forest of firs, beech, and box, and then over naked upland. Starting at eight, I reach the top of the Col at a quarter past eleven, meeting nobody. You are therefore at liberty, without interruption, to contemplate the savage grandeur of the scene. You are not tormented, as in Switzerland, with people playing horns, firing guns, showing off echoes, and other pretences for beggary. Mendicity is prohibited in the departments both of the Low and the High Pyrenees.

Past the Col, you descend but slightly, and every now and then get distant glimpses of the plain. Snow fallen during the night on the mountains in the far horizon gives them quite an alpine aspect, while a passing shower exhibits the phenomenon of a rainbow lying on the grassy hillside. At last we encounter a human being. A bare-footed peasant overtakes us, and communicates the news that last night the wolves of the neighbourhood have killed a cow and four sheep. Exploits like these explain the reason why the shepherds' dogs wear collars armed with iron spikes. We fall in with a portion of the unfinished road, following its course as far as suits us; and then, yielding to the influence of air and exercise, and seated on a bank of London Pride—an alpine plant which bears the smoke of English

towns—we pull out our provisions, and dine at the Hôtel de la Source, or the Spring Hotel, with water gratis, no waiter to pay, no parting bow to make, and no door to shut after us.

The whole descent to Argelès is lovely, from the peeps you get into sundry lateral valleys. Its own proper valley is rich and wide, though not populous. The lower you get, the more luxuriant become the walnuts, the chestnuts, and the maize. An ugly practice, however, is stripping ash trees of their leaves as food for cattle; nor are slate hedges exactly compatible with the picturesque. The conclusion of our walk is cheered by the sight of a devout unbridled donkey, who, every five minutes, goes down on his knees to compel his mistress to relieve him of her weight. It is certainly unpollite to laugh; but even politeness must yield to possibility. And so we enter the little town of Argelès.

Oh, for the flesh-pots of Argelès! 'You will dine better, if you can wait for it half an hour,' was a significant hint which it was wise to obey. From the gallery leading to my destined chamber, I can overlook the culinary preparations and a portion of the material. What do I behold? A row of goodly trout, and a fresh fowl stuck on the spit *for me*. Yes, indeed, expressly for me, as is proved in the event. For this dinner, with soup and outlets, and I know not what besides, with a dessert of peaches, grapes, and figs, and biscuits and cheese, I am charged three francs! How it is done I cannot tell. But certainly an honourable mention is due to the Hôtel de France at Argelès, and to M. and Mme. Peyrafitte who keep it. It would be a capital place for travel-tired folk to repose and refresh in for two or three days; if provided with books or other occupation—for you can't stare at a view all day long. One reason, I believe, of the excellent fare enjoyed in the Pyrenees, is, that the landlord very frequently either superintends the cooking or cooks himself. Oh, for the flesh-pots of Argelès! Long will its dainty little dishes, its

quails and its scalloped mushrooms, remain engraved on the tablet of my memory.

From Argelès to Cauterets is an easy walk along a capital highway. There are diligences which will take you up; but they have no fixed price for those broken distances; the figure varies according to the number of vacant places. At Pierrefitte (where the Hôtel de la Poste has an inviting appearance) you begin seriously to mount, taking the valley of Cauterets to the right. For at Pierrefitte there is a bifurcation of the road; the road to the left leads to Luz and Barèges, through gorges which are worth going miles to see. Box becomes scarce in the valley of Cauterets, being replaced by heaths, and exquisite ferns. The chilliness of the climate is denoted by the woollen blankets in which the natives wrap themselves; and the importance of the place whither you are wending your way by the telegraphic wire which runs up the valley.

Continually ascending by a gentle slope, you reach Cauterets without any preparation. It is a good big handful of houses thrust into a hole so deep that, in the afternoon, it loses the autumnal sunshine. It boasts an *Eglise Protestante*, and new buildings are on the increase. Its little central Square, or *Place*, is a scalene triangle, serving as a general gossiping shop, where women spin hemp and wool with distaffs, knit stockings, suck sticks of barley sugar, and pursue other equally serious occupations; where men congregate to see the coaches and omnibuses go out and come in to and from distant cities and suburban springs; where guides and attendants discuss the promise of the crop of strangers or lament the approaching fall of the leaf and the departing flight of the birds of passage; where Catalan pedlars (or sturdy fellows got up as such), in full costume, display their gaudy wares, their Catalan knives, and their Spanish chocolate of the first *calidad* or quality. Pyrenean puppies are led about, in the hope of inviting inquiries respecting their price. Individuals (not of the *belle espèce*) are

to be had for the moderate sum of ten francs. They are somewhat bearish in aspect, but with good heads. White coats, with liver-coloured spots, would render them hard to keep neat in towns.

A little street leading off to the left as you look uphill, takes you in a very few paces to the Waters Establishment, a solid stone building of considerable dimensions. Bathing et cætera at the Thermes begins at four in the morning, continuing until ten at night, with an interval of rest from twelve till two—not a bit too much repose for the bathing-people and their superiors. One would say that they must be thoroughly sick both of the sight and the smell of the waters; only, as Vespasian remarked, money has never an unpleasant odour. The whole building is perfumed by the sulphur springs; you breathe their vapours whether you will or no, without entering the *Salles d'Inhalation*. The springs at the Thermes are Caesar's and the Espagnols, which have each their respective votaries. Wishing to treat them with equal favour, I bathe in Caesar and taste the Espagnols, which latter resembles very poor broth before it is sufficiently boiled. Caesar's water is genial in temperature and soft and oily to the touch.

Water-worship must certainly be the fulfilment of a vow, the performance of a pilgrimage. Ecclesiastics (this being their holiday time) form a large proportion of the water-drinkers. The stalls in the vestibule of the establishment are laden with 'religious articles,' medals, rosaries, chaplets, pictorial representations of modern miracles, and lives of saints; all to be sold for the benefit of 'good works,' without specifying what good works are. This 30th of September, it rains and is cold; but in spite of that, the hydrolaters still remaining go to take their draught (which does not inebriate, if it do not cheer), and creep into their bath, or support their douche, although afterwards compelled to wrap themselves up in cachenez and paletots.

The excursion at Cauterets is up to the Lac de Gaube. The lake

itself is nothing but a mountain pool from whose sides the rocks slope steeply upwards, with the Vignemale closing the perspective. But the path thither winds through magnificent forests, and all the way long the Gave makes a series of charming waterfalls. You can make the ascent on horse or donkey, but may do it nearly if not quite as quick on foot. I trudged it in three hours and a half up, and two and a half down. Wonderful to relate, there is an inn close to the shore, where you can eat, drink, and sleep, and that certainly at not unreasonable charges. Opposite the inn is a rocky islet on which stands a tombstone recording the death, by drowning in the lake, of a new-married English couple years ago, respecting the circumstances of which, as various accounts are current, I refrain from reporting either or any. A less melancholy fact attached to the inn, is the visit of Napoleon III. and his empress.

Following up the plan of travelling, as the crow flies, straight on from place to place, I start over-hill, on Shanks's mare, from Cauterets for Luz. And well worth the trouble it is. But however well scenery may be described, although the reader may catch *some* idea, he does not get the *exact* idea of the reality. An accidental episode will sometimes make a more vivid impression. Thus, to give a notion of the clearness of the atmosphere; on mounting, the waning moon was caught sight of, just above a snowy peak. Alexander the Great, after ravaging India, wanted his engineers to make him a road to the moon. Luckily for the Selenites, the conqueror died before the project was completed. This Pyrenean moon, much of the same colour and apparent substance as the snow, looked as if it could be reached from it by a ladder; and had Alexander been there, he would surely have tried. From the top of the Col, looking down upon Luz and St. Sauveur, is a panorama of mountain, wood, village, and stream, to be seen, imbibed, and remembered for ever.

Luz has no 'waters,' only a Gave. St. Sauveur has weak ones, for form's

sake, just to play with. The most medicinal springs are found, hard by, at Barèges, the ugliest watering-place. In winter, it is uninhabitable, on account of avalanches. There are houses, in its street, which are perennially temporary—put up, and pulled down again, every season. Somebody cut down a wood which protected the place from the inroads of the snow; iron stakes have been planted as a substitute, but do not answer half so well. The immense military hospital, and its patients, produce a depressing effect on the stranger. Moreover, Barèges is open to the reproach of 'Physician, heal thyself.' All the waters do not prevent its native poor from being afflicted with goitre. The cripples and sick of all descriptions (some with loathsome skin diseases) who throng around the public *piscine*, as if it were a second pool of Bethesda, to await the opening of the door and take their turn, afford a pitiable spectacle.

From Luz, the grand excursion is up to the Cirque de Gavarnie, where, instead of the sufferings of humanity, you behold the magnificence of nature. A *cirque* ought also to be seen, because (on earth) they are peculiar to the Pyrenees, or nearly so; for there is something of the kind at Leuk, in Switzerland. A *cirque* is the head or termination of a valley, by its swelling out into a vast circus or amphitheatre, from which there is no egress (unless you climb its walls) except by the way at which you enter it. The Pyrenean name of the *cirques* is *oules*, supposed to be derived from the Latin *olla*, a pot. But you can see *oules*, the finest known, without even leaving London. You have only to peep at the moon with a tolerable telescope, to behold them in plenty. How they came there, as well as on the surface of our planet, it is a question for geologists. To me they look as if, while the earth was in the state of mud, or lava, enormous masses of gas or steam had escaped, and that these mark the orifices through which they issued. In which case it may be stated that

\* The earth hath bubbles as the water has.

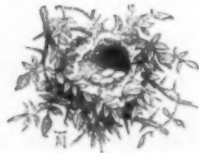


To reach Gavarnie, you may drive through St. Sauveur, a cheerful, pretty little place, where you may notice the Pyrenean custom of publicly announcing a *soubriquet*. One individual 'puts over his door, 'Troc, called Massy.' There are plenty of such cases at Pau: we have 'Bellar, called Pincher, Painter;' and somebody else (his real name is of little consequence) 'called Noyé, or drowned, Inn-keeper.' Further on, is the final town of Gedre, where a fair is held for mules and asses—a good ass selling for a hundred and fifty francs, and a mule for from four to five hundred—and where an individual teaches us to carry home a new hat, by sticking on the top of the old one. Long before reaching Gavarnie, its circus wall is seen towering aloft, like a cliff of coal. At one point is visible a little notch, as if some American had been whittling its edge. That is the famous *Brèche de Roland*. On reaching it—no easy climb—you find a colossal portal, three hundred feet wide, which leads you directly into Spain. Into the cirque there pitches a waterfall noted as one of the highest in Europe—so high that, in dry seasons, the water evaporates before reaching the ground. The fossils found in the black walls of the

cirque are stated to be identical with those of the chalk; we may, therefore, say, not exactly that black is white, but that Gavarnie chalk is black chalk. At the entrance to Gavarnie is what is called 'a chaos,' as if half a dozen hills had tumbled to pieces; and at Gavarnie, a league from the cirque itself, is an inn where refreshment may be had on moderate terms. A carriage-road into Spain, this way, is *making*.

To be in the fashion in the Pyrenees, carry a white umbrella—*parasol* lined with blue or green (also the mode at Nice), and wear a veil wrapped round your hat, even if you do not intend to use it. If walking, sport knickerbocker knee-breeches; if riding, gaiters to the knee, and a scarlet-tufted and tasseled whip. Likewise, eat figs (as people take a slice of melon, in Paris) at the commencement of dinner, immediately after soup and beef.

The names of several Pyrenean localities are models of brevity; the towns of Adé and St. Pé, for instance, are as elementary and alphabetic as they well can be. There is also the Col de Gée, and other monosyllabic spots. It is curious that the extreme north of France should have a river Aa, and the extreme south a lake d'Oo—veritable Alphas and Omegas of topography.



## BESIDE THE DEER.

IT is not very easy to give such an account of deer-stalking as shall really interest the uninitiated. There is a great change in a man after he has seen 'blood on the knife,' as the hill-man's toast somewhat grimly puts it. Somehow, the hunter is not unlike the hound;—he has to be properly entered: and your 'first stag' must fall before you know what stalking really is, to any one who has the hunter in him. Then, again, much of the interest of stalking, as of grouse-shooting, depends on scenery; and many good sportsmen do not care for scenery any more than Guy Livingstone, who 'objected on principle to the existence of any wood in a landscape which hounds could not be supposed to run through in fifteen minutes.' We are not going to stop to describe 'forest' scenery here. Let this be said only, that the word 'forest' has no connection with the thing tree, although extensive woods are capital things in a deer forest, from the shelter they afford the children of the Mist in winter-time.

It is a pity that the interest and 'feeling' of deer-slaying is so local, and that so few practically share in it. It is the glory of fox-hunting that it is open to so many, and makes the whole world kin. As poor Leech put it (and who can forget the cartoon?), 'it brings parties together who wouldn't otherwise meet.' Besides, it has in its favour all that genuine though undefined feeling about the horse, which all Britishers experience, whether they can ride or not. Also it makes more noise; and red garments are worn in it instead of colourless: and it is delightful to see hounds work. Some have even been known to prefer seeing that to seeing them run straight. Great is fox-hunting! but we do not propose to extol it at the expense of deer-stalking. Not so, by oak, and ash, and thorn!

There are two books which give genuine and striking descriptions of the sport. First, of course, stands

Scrope; but really to follow his graphic pages, one ought to know the jealously-guarded hills of Athol—and few men know more of them than the distant tops of Ben-y-Gloe and Ben Derig or perhaps Ben-y-Veniè. Determined tourists will walk through Glen Tilt; but the determined tourist, though sometimes near, is not dear to the hunter; and the method generally pursued by Mr. Scrope, of stalking in quick time, or having the deer manoeuvred with and 'put over' to the rifleman by skilful hill-men at great distances, though doubtless most beautiful and scientific, could only be pursued in a forest of quite princely extent. The Stewarts' 'Lays of the Deer Forests' contain some charming sketches, but they mostly refer to times long past. We shall endeavour to describe an actual stalk or two. As to dress, rifles, and the like, the first need only be old, tough, warm, and colourless; and for the second, every man has his fancy, and we are attached first to Purdey, then to Westley Richards, his breech-loader. The moors are all before us, and the scene shall be a forest lodge somewhere near the west coast—say of Rannochshire. The tide is rolling up to Kinloch-Arkaig, or, in plain English, to the head or inland end of Loch Arkaig (not that Loch Arkaig is a sea lake at all, but its name is borrowed for the occasion). There is a strong west wind, which sounds like a challenge to three of the starkest foresters in all the north, who are fighting the day's battles over again by a bright hot peat fire. Well they know how the deer will feed up to windward across their march, and come within reach of their deadly hands. Let us just sketch the 'interior' and the group—it is no use trying to sketch outside, because we put the time at about 10:30 P.M. early in September, blowing hard, with rain.

The room itself, then, was the very model of a sporting lodge; the walls of native fir, were surrounded with racks, in which lay in suc-

cessive tiers a perfect battery of fire-arms. Above was a row of the very finest stags' heads, the pick of nigh twenty years in the forest. All round the room their bare skulls looked grimly down on their conquerors below: for with the exception of about half a dozen monarchs of the glen who had been honoured by being stuffed, they had all passed through the 'boiling-pot,' to show white and clean against the black wilderness of horns which interlaced above them. In the spaces between the racks the cunning hand of one of the hunters had frescoed or rather 'distempered,' a series of sporting subjects, and here and there various stuffed foxes and wild cats still grinned as when they died. The floor was covered with dried deer-skin, and the chairs and tables with the hunting-tartan of the great Clan-Houlachan. For the occupants, they deserve but would not desire, elaborate portrait painting; and only the touch of a vanished hand could draw them rapidly. Leech is gone; but any ordinary observer would have seen that they were the right men in the right place. Their years made them fairly represent age, manhood, and youth—such age and manhood as the youth attached to stalking may fairly hope for. The elder sportsman seemed, and was, as young as any of his juniors when he set his breast to the hill or at the beginning or end of a sharp run to cut off a stray hart. The younger men were as cool as greybeards in their choice of ground, and as steady as fate in their shot. All had the same frame and habit, the same length of limb, breadth of shoulder, and great thickness through the chest; and they had happily escaped the Saxon tendency to flesh. The elder had long been known as a champion of nearly all the higher British sports; the second will go by the name of the Shékarry, because he had seen and slain all beasts of chase from the Terai to the Nilgherries. The youngest must be called Malise, because of his speed, though he may claim other and higher titles. To them enter the forester, for the order of next day's doings.

There is a family likeness between all old gillies and foresters; and Red Robin is a type of the species. He is six feet two, as lean as a greyhound, and as quick on his feet as a rabbit, in spite of nearly fifty years on the hill. His hair is grizzled red, and his friends cannot quite settle which has the darkest russet tint, that or his face. He has risen from 'laddie' to 'laad'; then obtained promotion to full gillie, and ripened into the Tweed-clad 'pretty mään' that he is. As Persians say, 'May every true believer have such a man' to take him up to his deer in a strange country.

The three were little in need of any man born of woman to take them up to their deer; but they deferred to Robert's suggestion of the Sooth march as the field of next day's work, and as he insisted on an early start ('say three o'clock,' said Robert parenthetically), they retired forthwith and duly reappeared somewhere about that time next morning, in the dim 'living' room of the lodge. Coffee and eggs went the way of the pious Æneas, Tullus and Ancus; and the whole party went forth into the outer darkness, with mingled feelings and a horn lantern. Were they warm from their beds? Not exactly. Were they cold from their tubs? Not so cold as they became on meeting the first gust which embraced them as they turned the corner of the lodge. They were by no means in the habit of 'beating their bosoms'—but never a word they spake.

Going hard up hill is much the same thing at all times and places; though certain recollections connected with Mont Blanc enable us to say with confidence that it is worse when you can't see than when you can. All hands kept on with the true hill pace: long, slow, and unceasing, carrying the rifles by their barrels with muzzle to the front—'an action which,' as a militia sergeant remarked to a demoralized volunteer of our acquaintance, 'in a civilized country amounts to mutiny.' Why say aught of stumbles, or of fording two or three swollen burns, or of about 1,500 feet of steady ascent? At last, just under

he brow of the hill up which they had been toiling, the forester dropped with an abrupt grunt into a sitting posture, unslinging his glass in the very action. By this time there was light enough to enable him to make sure of the ground before him. Let us try to describe it intelligibly.

The early start had been made with a view of intercepting or at least of reaching deer on their way to the higher ground, from the lower slopes of the hills, where they generally feed through the night. It is well known to all that deer, like sheep on English downs, always use the same paths in entering or leaving a glen, which are well marked by their feet, and perfectly well known. These paths are called deer-passes; a pass, be it noticed, does not mean a glen, as if one said 'the Pass of Glencoe,' but a deer-path leading up from a ground near the top of a hill, to higher feeding-ground. Much of what is generally called deer-stalking is done by waiting at passes, in such a position as to be well to leeward of the deer; of course. 'Stalking,' strictly so called, consists in approaching deer for the shot, and so matching one's own craft and knowledge of the ground against their watchfulness. Our friends were very high on a hill we will call Ben-y-breac, or the Spotted Hill, looking down over a pass lower on the ridge of the same. This pass led round a lower shoulder and so gradually down into the 'narrows' or upper and shallower part of a long main glen which shall bear the name of Coire, or Corry-Affrick (Coire, *pr.* Corrie, is Gaelic for hollow). And here they made their first spy, though some of their best ground was behind the shoulder, as very great care was necessary to avoid stumbling on deer and giving the alarm. The wind was blowing up the long Corry-Affrick (of course it always blows up or down a glen, never across).

Robin's glass moved quickly from 'glac' to 'stripie,' over all the green spots of sweet grass and shelter in the corrie, and he only reported 'hinds and such stuff,' nor did the others see anything better.

Happily, the few hinds and calves before them were just feeding out over the opposite brow, and turning towards the main glen, as is represented or indicated underneath in the diagram of the 'First Spy.' As soon as the stuff, so called, was well over the brow, the sportsmen moved on to the ground which it had lately occupied, and this time all glasses were unslung, and the ground well studied.

Not a word was said for five minutes, though the sight below made their hearts bound. It is no wonder the Red Indian habit of silence under excitement is acquired by all stalkers. To the forester and the elder sportsman it was a second nature (we trust the latter will not object to bear the name of the Sagamore in this paper). The others studied the ground and the deer a while, and let Robin meditate on the general plan of the next hour's campaign.

'Seven fine stags going out by the West pass,' he said, at last; 'and that other lot with a grand head in it in the deep grass, on the other side, a mile forward. Ye are the quickest, Mr. Malise; ye must go behind the hull, and try and be in time to fell the big one before our shots have startled them, and pit them beyond ye. And we three will get forrat and meet the seven in the West pass. The wind is a'right, and ye have only to keep behind the hull to prevent your tracks from turning them. Let them be well before you when you cross their line.' (It should be mentioned that deer will scent a man's tracks quite as well as a dog would.)

Now, do not think this is so easy to do as it is to write of: at least, do not forget or undervalue the various chances. No doubt, in broken ground, which one knows, and well against wind, one can get very near stag or hind. But there are ptarmigan high up, and blue hares; there are grouse below, especially stray old cocks, whose nature is, like a policeman's, to be always round corners. Worst of all, there are hinds and calves. And so it came to pass, that when the Saga-

more and the Shékarry were advancing with Robin towards their prey, the three with a simultaneous motion prostrated themselves in the black mud on a sudden. Almost in their very path, at about two hundred yards distance, lay a hind and calf quietly reposing in a hole in the moss, and luckily with heads directed up-wind. They had been overlooked in the spy, from their position, and now endangered the whole stalk. The stags would soon be in view of the hind, and if she were disturbed and went the wrong way, she would in all probability take them away with her. The only thing was to get rid of her before they appeared. Keeping close to the ground, and running a short way down hill to the left, Robin suddenly appeared below the hind and stood for a moment tossing his arms aloft in full view of her. With a startled bound she was off with her little one, fortunately, directly up-wind, away to the right, leaving the road clear. No time was now to be lost; the stags would soon be in the pass, and nearly half a mile of ground was to be got over to meet them in time. But it was on the firm yet springy lichens of the hill top, and a bare five minutes had passed when the hunters dived panting into a maze of peat-hags, or gullies, beneath whose shelter they hurried with bent bodies to the spot marked for the final post. The deer were now about three hundred yards in front, quite unconscious of danger: but a piece of bare ground yet lay between the stalkers and the bank from which they hoped to get the shot. Creeping like mountain adders, with heaving sides, aching loins, and an appalling loss of waistcoat buttons, they gained the wished-for spot. Robin plucked a tuft of heather, and holding it before his face, just raised his head above the bank, and saw the deer not more than ninety yards off: the best possible distance, for near shots are too often snap shots. The Sagamore and his companion drew their rifles out of their covers, unbolted the safety locks and changed the caps, and the former spoke low and keen. 'You fire first, my boy;

take the great Royal' (twelve tips to the horns). Gently did the Shékarry push his rifle over the bank, resting it on a soft edge of turf: had he placed it on a stone the vibration of the barrel in firing would have sent the bullet far over its mark. He cocked both barrels, omitting, however, to hold the trigger back, so as to avoid the click of the lock. The light sound made the great hart wheel round and stand at gaze facing the shot. Landseer's Monarch of the Glen is known to all men. So stood the mighty one, like Achilles, 'ere Paris' arrow flew.' He raised his head and spread his wide nostril, and felt the wind before him. The others stopped and raised their heads; they would have been off in another moment, but the Shékarry's eye had looked down the sights, and his left-hand barrel spoke a true word. All but simultaneously with the shot was heard the welcome 'tchack,' which told that the bullet had gone straight home. The Royal seemed to reel for a moment; but the whole herd were off with long bounds in an instant, and he with them. But in the same moment, the leading stag pitched heavily over on his horns, shot right through the heart by the Sagamore, and dead before his limbs were still. Sharp rang out both second barrels in quick succession as the deer crossed a wide channel of the bog and rose to the slope beyond. The Shékarry for once fired behind his stag: but the Sagamore's shot seemed to turn the flight of a third big one, who left his companions and made down hill. Snatching his second rifle, a breech-loading carbine, from Robin, the veteran ran forward. One minute the wounded stag stopped under a steep rock below; and fair and true the Sagamore struck him through the black line on his back, and the ball passed out at his chest. *Λίσσε δα γύα*—down he rolled without an effort, unconscious of the bruises his earthly tabernacle received in its fall. Meanwhile the Shékarry, with a pang of delight, but without a word, saw the flying group of deer break up like a shell, and the

great Royal roll clean over in the midst, with his four hoofs up in the air. All was over in a minute, and Robin gave a screech of delight which fully made up to him for the whole morning's silence. The Sagamore spoke no word till he had swept the further end of the glen with his glass to see how Malise's deer were going. The shots had startled them, of course, and they were going off in a long line well in his direction; and rejoicingly, the old sportsman went to assist in bleeding and gralloching their quarry. Both operations are necessary, and there is no cruelty whatever in either; but they are rather sanguinary to look at or describe; and we will let the 'tallow,' and the white puddins, and the liver, on which Robin commented in an artistic manner, pass unnoticed here. But the big stag's head, 'Twelve points, thick black horns, more than thirty inches both width and length,' so exulted the Shékarry, as they turned homewards.

Malise meanwhile had made tracks at great speed to reach the high flat ground; on arriving there he 'spied' the ground carefully with his glass, and soon found the place where the deer had been seen lying; he had marked a rock above them and kept it in his eye for great part of his rapid run. They were still there: but even as his eye rested fondly on the wide spread of the big stag's antlers, he saw it start on its feet. 'The power' on his telescope had just enabled him to attempt counting the tines on the horns, but now he closed it quickly and drew the cover off his rifle, as the monarch took the lead, more as if for battle than for flight, and the whole herd came on towards him. He let them round the base of the knoll on which he was posted, as they stopped and looked back from time to time and were obviously not much alarmed. Sounds, indeed, and sights too, have a far less permanent effect on the cervine mind than the scent of man. They settled at last on some bare ground in a moss about three hundred yards below him: but they had come seve-

ral points too near his lee, and the hillocks made the wind swirl and blow about dangerously, so that he found he must make a circuit behind his present post of vantage and come in from the left of the deer once more. He first carefully examined the ground where they were lying, and mentally resolved to stalk down certain moss-hags to a bank which he judged to be about one hundred yards from the big stag. Then he marked a pointed stone on the sky-line to make for when he should have reached the other side of the knoll he was looking at above the deer; then swung his rifle over his shoulder and dived below the hill with a long swinging stride. It took him nearly half an hour to reach the stone he had marked on the knoll: he then lay close in a peat bog, and satisfied himself that the deer were where he had last seen them. He saw all right; and creeping down the line of broken ground which he had chosen, he began 'a close stalk.' There was, of course, a piece of bare ground between him and the bank he had chosen for his shot—and several of the hinds were up and feeding—but he took his resolution, and a horizontal position in the dirt. He had slowly and successfully wormed his way over about one-half of the bare space, when up got a blue hare which had been sunning itself (luckily among some large grey stones in the bog), and ran along the hill side. What remark Malise made somewhere in the region of his midriff, is not recorded, as it never left his lips. But he lay dead flat by a stone; and saw an old hind prick up her ears, and stare straight in the direction from which the hare had first sprung—that is to say, nearly in his line. She gazed on the long grey object in the bog—it might be a stone with a little yellow moss on it; but for twenty minutes she never took her eyes off Malise, and for twenty minutes he lay feeling the moss-water soak gradually into his chest and stomach. She resumes her feeding—the grey stone 'gathers no moss,' but moves on—by the powers, she is looking again!—



and again she sees nothing but granite in Malise's grey jerkin—another pause to feed—he is under the welcome shelter, and his rifle is cocked silently. But meanwhile the other deer have observed that their sister's mind is not at ease. There is a universal pricking up of broad fine ears like bat's-wings, and a general distension of inquisitive nostrils: then they begin to fidget about, and the grand seigneur rises in his might, and shrugs the skin of his broad shoulder, on which Malise has just laid his fore-sight. Another moment, and he hears a sharp loud sound and feels a stunning blow, and a wild pang, and an intense alarm; and makes a few strides desperately, after the flying herd; and then there is a dim relaxation of pain and effort, and sick faintness, and a half-felt crash over on the moss—and then—he does not shrink from, or wot of, the broad knife that enters his chest, driven by a hand strong but not un pitying. And Malise holds the heavy horn in his hand caressingly, and marks the malachite-green of the glazed eye (for which tint in a picture, see Landseer's 'Morning,' the dead combatants). Finally, he does the necessary gralloching, piles up a small cairn of stones to assist the gillie who will be sent for the stout quarry, ties a cloth to the bonny antler, and throws some heather over the body, and turns him homeward at a run, for the moss-water has reached his skin from below, and certain seeds of rain have worked well into his coat-collar from above.

Pleasure cannot well be defined; at least I do not understand the account of it in the Ethics, as 'a sensible and tumultuous settlement of the soul into what exactly suits it.' And for the pleasure of deer-stalking above other kinds of chase and slaughter, I cannot say what it is. It is difficult to get; it is very scientific; it is pursued in scenery which has a peculiar and most

powerful effect of melancholy and deep inner excitement; it brings you in contact with original characters (foresters always are so); it makes you understand the primal hunter-instinct, and feel that there was some fun even in the days when *ursi spelæi* were felled with flint hatchets. It is dramatic, because there is a long plot leading up either to the tragic death of the stag, or to the intense and intolerable disgust of the man who has missed him: there is but one shot, probably, on which much depends, instead of one's going on killing all day and firing two hundred, as in grouse-shooting. It is no use asking why stalking is so delightful. But there are one or two hints to the beginner with which we may make an end.

1. Take time just before your shot, and save it by keeping in condition and well able to clear the ground handsomely in your runs.

2. Whatever you do, never lose the wind.

3. Do not let any forester take you too near, make him understand that your best chance is (infallibly) a good broadside shot at from ninety to one hundred and twenty yards. All rifles are sighted to that distance, and if you can hit a hayrick, you can hit a deer's shoulder, so far off. Near shots are mostly snap-shots: not easy things, with two sights and one bullet.

4. Mind not to drop the muzzle in a running shot, and hold well forward.

5. Do not eat much on the hill, but wear a belt and draw it tighter as you get emptier: drink as little as may be.

6. On a sudden (or running shot) mind that your rifle will reach a stag at two hundred yards as well as one hundred: and take time, and not too much time.

7. Go to bed when you are tired, and avoid pipes and toddy after ten P.M.

R. S. J. T.

## REMINISCENCES OF A CRICKETER.

SOME years ago you might have travelled through the length and breadth of Merry England without finding in any of her smaller villages a trace of the now omnipresent Cricket Club. A few there were, indeed, and I well remember how immensely respected a village, near my own, became on account of its possessing so scarce an article. All this is changed now, and village meets village in friendly rivalry on the Cricket field.

On leaving one of our large public-schools with a reputation as a Cricketer, I was frequently asked by captains of inferior village clubs to aid them in their forthcoming matches with their stronger neighbours; though to allow a stranger's assistance is considered a great favour, the inhabitants of small villages being very jealous of each other, and all the world besides.

In consequence of these invitations I was in the habit of playing, on an average, three matches a week, and I necessarily came in contact with a great many queer folk; and my object in relating the following reminiscences is to lay before you the odd sayings and doings which in the course of a rather long experience have come under my personal observation. I don't pretend to say that these stories are intellectual, and many may not even deem them funny; if not, that must be put down to the indifferent way in which they are told, as at the time the incidents happened the faces of the speakers and their peculiar intonation and dialect rendered them quite irresistible.

I have often been very much amused at the way in which old cricketers of the under-hand days criticise the cricket of the present time. I overheard an old gentleman not long ago laying down the law in a great rage:—

'As for Mr. Grace,' he said, 'he is the most fluky bat I ever saw: I was watching him yesterday, sir, betting for the gentlemen against the players, sir, and he hit a ball

that pitched straight for his middle stump, for six, sir.'

I suggested, that 'it might have been pitched up, and therefore wanted hitting.'

'What the devil do you know about it, sir?' I tell you it was as straight as a line—an awful fluke, sir.'

'Well,' I said, 'you can hardly call Mr. Grace a flukey bat, if you take his "average" into consideration, and the bowling he has to play against.' Upon this the old gentleman became so violent that I was obliged to retreat; but whenever, during the day, I came within hearing, he would point me out to his friends and say,—

'That's the kind of cricketer we have now, sir,—a man dressed in a shirt like a clown.' (I had the misfortune to have on one of the many-coloured shirts of the day belonging to the S. Q. K. Club.)

'In my day, sir, we wore knee-breeches and beaver hats, the only dress fit for a cricketer, especially if he's a gentleman. Ah! give me Dean for a model of a Cricketer!'

I never saw the old fellow again: I can hear his sigh now at the mention of Dean's name.

Dear, old Jemmy Dean! how many's the time I have played him for bottles of ginger-pop, practising at school. He would have a man in every place where it was possible the ball might be struck, and whenever I hit him hard away, I can see him scratch his head, and say, 'looks very well from the tent, sir, but them as is bowling and see'd where the ball pitched, knows the merits on it.'

How often have I watched him pull his belt from his pocket! ye gods, what a belt! I can see it now, gradually uncoiling its huge length till at last the great buckle has appeared, crowning the top of a very respectable heap; he would then ask some one to take hold of one end whilst he held the other, and turning smartly round, would take the belt in both hands and clasp it with a sigh of relief.

In 1856 I had got up an eleven

to play an adjacent village. Our forces, and indeed those of the enemy as well, were chiefly recruited from agricultural labourers of the respective districts. On the opposite side, the chief direction of affairs was intrusted to the village parson, a very great man, whose chief backer was a gamekeeper of enormous breadth, and clad in all the glory of gaiters and velveteen coat, who looked upon my eleven as his natural enemies. His side selected this, their champion, to toss for innings, which he did and won. We now got to work, and the first four wickets, amongst which was the parson's, fell for about five runs. The gamekeeper now slowly emerged from the tent, and walked sulkily towards the wicket; when he arrived there, he pounded his bat on the ground, and said,—

'Give I the ponch,' which, being interpreted, means, give me guard; having got the ponch, he proceeded to turn up his sleeves, which he did in the most deliberate manner, looking scornfully around the while. After this important operation he looked the long-stop and short-leg hard in the face, as much as to say, 'If you catch me out, I shall know you again.'

At length he condescended to look towards the bowler—myself, and nod to the umpire, to signify that the game might proceed.

Play was called, and I ran up to the wicket and bowled him his first ball, but I was so convulsed with laughter at the man's solemn proceedings that it was nearly a wide.

Now, I am quite certain he never saw the ball at all, though he tried to look as if he did; something, however, he must have done well, as the whole of his side called out, 'Well played, sir!' (It is always necessary to end up with, 'sir,' it shows you know so much about it.)

The second ball was straight, and, getting up, hit him on the hand: he was unable to conceal his astonishment at the pace, never having been into anything but slow underhand in his life before. I heard him say to himself,—

'Well, I'm blow'd, this 'ere caps cock-fighting!'

I saw he was frightened, and thought he meant running: I was right, for the next ball was scarcely out of my hand before he started; and had the wicket-keeper taken the ball, he must have been stumped.

The whole of his side yelled out, 'Well run, sir!' but they forgot the slip between the cup and the lip; for the gallant gamekeeper, on reaching the middle of the ground, dropt his bat, which he stopped to pick up, and long before he could get home, his wicket was down.

With the usual appeal, of 'How's that?' and its inevitable answer, 'Out,' I threw myself on the grass, to wait for the next man and chew the cud of anticipated victory.

In about a minute, thinking time enough had been allowed for another man to appear, I sprang to my feet and called out 'Play, play!' but what was my astonishment on beholding the gamekeeper still there; so I said, 'Well, sir, aren't you satisfied?' he didn't deign to answer my question, but looking calmly round, he said,—

'Wal, I count I'm the best mon 'ere, and I wunt goo hout come what wul for no mortal man.' A decision which his side vehemently applauded.

He was decidedly the best man there, and I am ashamed to say we gave him another innings, and were ignominiously beaten in consequence.

I meet the hero of this story frequently, but never dare look him in the face.

I should imagine a third-rate prize-fighter might make his fortune in the country by standing umpire: secure a good strong fellow with some name as a boxer to fill this post, and his decisions immediately become above suspicion. I well remember one Monday morning receiving the following laconic epistle:—

'Dear Sir,

'Wul you plai with us to morrer?

'Yr Obt. Servt.

W.S.

'P.S.—Bill Cleever will be referee.'

I accepted the invitation and put

in an appearance next morning, when the author of the letter came up to me, and after thanking me for coming, suddenly caught me by the button-hole and whispered:—

'He's come!'

'Who?' I said.

'Bill Cleever,' was the answer.

'Oh! the umpire?' and by way of keeping up the conversation, I added,— 'Is he a good one?'

'Ah! that he is; there's never a man a their side as he can't lick, and well, too, if I tell him.'

'Well,' I said, 'I hope he won't thrash any one to-day.'

'Well, I dunno, he most in general does. A red-headed young parson the other day told him as he give a man out unfair, and said, "he won't afraid o'no man who cheated." 'Bless your 'art, Bill give that 'ot 'eded parson bacca, in about two minutes. Now I know as he's bet two pots as you get forty runs to day, so it's rather orkerd, arn't it?'

So I thought, but as I got the right number of runs, the day passed off quietly.

In our country matches we had the same umpire for a number of years; he was a very conscientious, and often, at evident pain to himself, was under the disagreeable necessity of giving the landlord out; as often as he did so, he was in the habit of declaring that he would never stand for any one again, though the next match would invariably find him at his post.

On one occasion in particular Lord B—— (the landlord in question) had backed himself to get twenty runs; when he had scored ten; he got in front of his wicket, and the question was put to the umpire,— 'How's that?' The old fellow's face was a study; he strode about in great excitement, and at length gave his decision in the following words:—

'I'm very sorry, my Lord—extremely sorry—wouldn't have had it happen for five pounds; but it's out, my Lord,—it's out!'

Then he went on to himself: 'Fool that I am, I'll never stand any more for any man; he'll never drain that bottom field now.'

Poor old G——, he was one of the

best umpires I ever saw, a very different man from his predecessor, who, when he had dined, was in the habit of saying:—

'Of course, good bowling and batting is very well in its way, and, with my assistance, has pulled you through many a hard-fought game.'

He at last became so notorious that we frequently received challenges, barring him as umpire.

When the slow-twisting bob first came out, it puzzled the country cricketer immensely, and well it might; we had a man in our school eleven who could twist a ball nearly at right angles.

In our first country match he did astonish the natives. At first they thought the ball must have pitched on a stone, or 'illock,' as they call it; and were continually patting the ground with their bats: at last one man, turning to the wicket-keeper, said,—

'I can't make un out at all; it must be soment under the grass, as it's quite level a'top.'

'You didn't play with a straight bat, perhaps,' suggested the wicket-keeper.

At this he looked his bat over on all sides, when he said,—

'I guv fifteen shillings for un yesterday, and if he baint a straight un, dangee if I dont send un back.'

I have often been very much tickled by the pompous airs that the managing man of a village club gives himself on a match-day. How he lays down the law, and how the men who get the ground in order fly to execute his commands; he orders a tent-peg to be driven in half-an-inch further here, and when you have carefully hung up your coat for the day, insists on the removal of the tent to the opposite side of the ground. Attempt to remonstrate, and he is down on you with,—

'Sir, I have been a cricketer for forty years, and if I don't understand these things, I don't know who does; and then strides off, with a smile of scorn and conscious superiority, to find some imaginary fault elsewhere, leaving you to the laughter of his satellites to add to your discomfiture.

But the way in which this gentleman bows down before a title is remarkable; what intellectual capers he will cut for the benefit of the great man; and how he will abuse his friends, and fawn and cringe for the sake of a look.

I remember a strong case in point, of which the following is the substance:—

I was invited to play in a match against a large town, who, in their own idea, were invincible, and 'feared no one,' as their captain said. We consequently took down the strongest team we could get together, amongst which was Lord B——. I arrived rather early, and found some of the men practising; Lord B—— happened to be batting, and he had on a shirt remarkable on account of its many colours.

I was sitting in the tent smoking a weed, when the secretary of the opposition club, with whom I was slightly acquainted, came in; we saluted each other, and then the following conversation took place:—

'You've got a very nice ground here, and it seems to be in pretty good condition,' I said.

'I should think we have, sir; I've played cricket for the last forty years, and never saw one to equal it yet. I was up this morning at four, sir, to look after the men getting the wicket in order, sir; I took care, sir, that they didn't put a pint too much water on; but, bless you, cricket isn't what it was; it's all dress—no play about it; now just look at that man (pointing to Lord B——); look at his shirt, sir; it's a disgrace to a cricketing age.'

He then walked off, without being in the least aware of the person's name whose dress he had been criticising.

I went up to Lord B—— and asked him to put on his coat and come into the tent, which he did. I related to him the conversation which had passed between the secretary and myself, and we laid our plans accordingly. We were to go in first, and the secretary having just returned, I introduced him to Lord B——, whose shirt was, of course, completely hidden by his coat. The secretary was all smiles

and toadyism; but as soon as I could get a word in, I said casually,

'By-the-by, who was that man in the flaming shirt you pointed out just now?'

'Oh!' he said; 'I don't know, and don't care to know such an ass; did you see him, Lord B——? if I had my way I'd have all such fellows kicked off the field.'

My lord never answered him, and appeared to be busied putting on a pad, but I could see him shaking with suppressed laughter.

Our captain now came up and asked some one to go in first with Lord B——: as they started for the wicket, I said,—

'Won't you have your jacket off? let me give you a hand,' and pretended I was going to do so, but the secretary had anticipated me, as I intended he should, and before you could say 'knife,' he had pulled the jacket off. The start of horror the poor secretary gave on beholding the much-abused shirt was a sight to see; he attempted a smile, but the roar of laughter that followed the exposure of the shirt did for him completely, and making some excuse about getting another ball in case one was lost, he rushed off the ground and never turned up till late in the evening, when he came back a sadder, if not a better man; all his bounce gone, and inclined to look upon the foibles of his fellow-men with a more lenient eye.

He in some way heard that I had had a hand in the hoax, and cut me for some time after; but I hear he tells the story now himself, but with this addition—that he knew what was going on, and merely entered into the joke to sell me.

In one of our village-matches our best man had just come out, having made a long score (some kind friend had run him out).

The next man to go in was a common labourer, a very good, steady fellow. He seemed very much struck with the last man's bat, which was quite an ordinary village bat, with a good thick blade, and probably weighing about four pounds.

With some hesitation and in the

following words he asked for the loan of it:—

‘Wull you lend me your bat, sir, as I see it ‘angs back, and wun’t knock em up?’

The gentleman immediately offered it him, but at the same time assured him, that it would ‘knock em up if it wern’t held right;’ but this the borrower evidently thought wasn’t quite true.

He was a very nervous man, and expressed a wish to have ‘a drop of summit to keep his spirits up.’ At that instant the waiter appeared with a bottle of soda-water and some brandy for the last man, who immediately offered it to the poor fellow, saying,—

‘Oh! pray take some of this, sir!’

The effect of a lively bottle of soda-water on a man who has never tasted, or perhaps never seen anything of the kind before, may be easily imagined; he took a couple

of mouthfull before he knew what it was, and then hiccupped most violently; upon being pressed to take some more, he said, ‘No, thankee’—hiccup—‘no, thankee, sir,—hiccup—’ that dew make I gulp so blarmy; and he went on.

‘Oh! lor, oh lor, what shall I do, that’s a bustin’ on me up, and now that’s a coming out o’ my nose and eyes scandalous.’

I am sure no one had the slightest idea that it would have such an effect on him; however, he was so bad that we were obliged to send him home. He told a friend of his next morning that ‘the back of his head were a flün off all right, and his toes they seem to be a disappearin’ off his feet a’ most.’

I have written this paper from old memoranda, and could continue it to great length; but having serious doubts as to the worth of the whole thing, I humbly take my leave.







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following words he asked for the last of it—

"Now, you feel no your bat, sir, as I see it hangs back, and won't come on up?"

The gentleman immediately exclaimed, "No, but at the same time assured him, that it would 'knew my eye if it wasn't held right!' but that the bowler's attack being changed wasn't quite true—

He was a very nervous man, and expressed a wish to have 'a couple of smalls' to keep his spirits up. At last, noticed the waiter standing with a bottle of wine, and went down to the bar, where he immediately ordered it to be put in a silver canister—

"Oh! my! take some of this, sir!"

This kind of a 'very smalls' or 'couple of smalls' is a very common thing to see at the bar, and is a very common thing to see at the bar, and is a very common thing to see at the bar.

of month's full before he knew what it was, and then hiccupped most violently; upon being pressed to take some more, he said, 'No, thanks'—hiccup—'oh, thank you, sir'—hiccup—'that slow make I suppose I shall' and he went on.

"Oh! my, oh my, what shall I do, that's a 'ketter' on me up, and how that's a 'ketter' out of my nose and eye—thank you!"

I am sure he never had the slightest idea that it would have such an effect on him, however, he was so used that he was obliged to mind his nose. He said a few words of such nature, that "the fact is, I am sure a lot of my night, and he was very much to be a 'ketter' off his head a little!"

I have many times seen him at the bar, and he was very much to be a 'ketter' off his head a little! I have many times seen him at the bar, and he was very much to be a 'ketter' off his head a little!

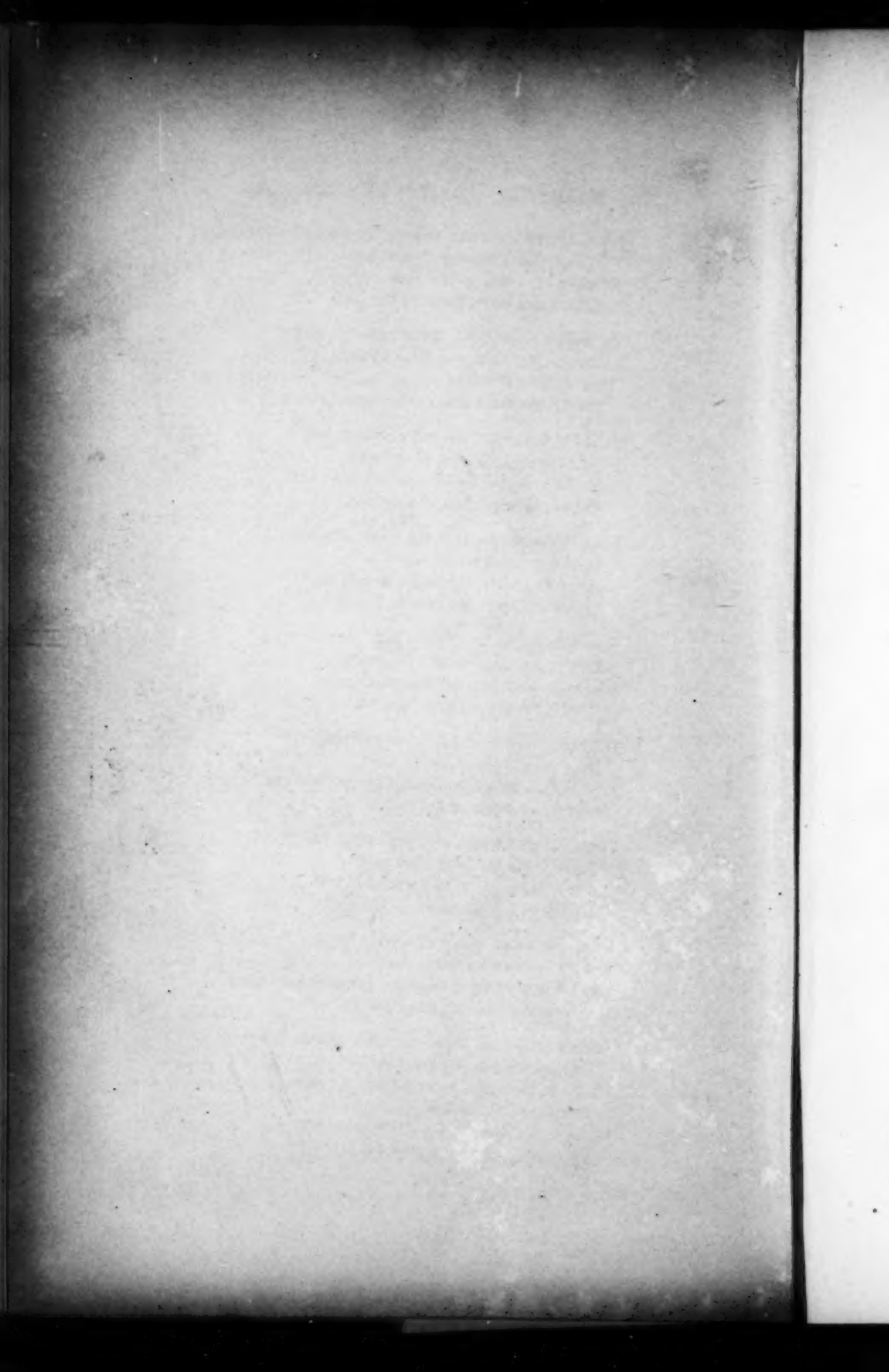




Drawn by Paul Gray.)

MY DARLING DOWN BY THE SEA.

[See the Poem.



## MY DARLING DOWN BY THE SEA.

O H, Breeze! you are blowing her bonny brown curls,  
 Bear her a message from me;  
 Whisper my name to the dearest of girls,  
 My Darling down there by the sea!

Twinkling in sunlight, the numberless waves  
 Leap as you skim o'er their breasts;  
 White as the snowflakes when black winter raves,  
 The foamwreaths that dance on their crests.

Swans in the ether, the soft cloudlets sail  
 Slow through the deeps overhead:  
 Slow the grey gulls with a whistle and wail  
 Slide on their pinions wide-spread.

Slope the warm sands to the ocean immense,  
 Bend the vast heavens above,  
 Seeming to quiver, the blue's so intense,  
 (Thus my heart trembles to love!)

Bound then, oh, Breeze! on your mission away!  
 Bend every mast as you go,  
 Wet every bellying sail with salt spray;  
 Bound, Breeze of Ocean, and blow!

Over the billows, that foam as you pass,  
 Over the stretch of bright sand,  
 On! to the cliff where the flowers and the grass  
 Nod you a welcome to land.

Then, happy Breeze, with her bonny brown curls  
 Toying—more happy than me!—  
 Whisper my name to the dearest of girls,  
 My Darling down there by the sea!

I am a prisoner, immured here in town,  
 Wearily day after day;  
 But I dream of my love on the bright breezy down  
 Who is thinking of me far away.

Whisper my name then—but once and no more—  
 Low, as the bloom-buried bee  
 Murmurs his hymn as he gathers his store,—  
 To one who is thinking of me;—  
 Whisper my name as she sits on the shore,  
 My Darling down there by the sea!

## 'FAITHFUL AND TRUE.'

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'GRASP YOUR NETTLE.'

## PART III.

BY no possible mercantile transaction short of selling the Hall 'and entering the lodge at the gates,' as Mrs. St. John used to add spitefully, could the Fenton family see how the debts were to be met; or rather, how Mr. Hunter's loan was to be repaid; for nothing else was pressing, though much was owing. The estate was heavily mortgaged already, and would do little more than cover its own shame even if sold; unless it was sold at a fancy price. Mr. St. John had been unfortunate in some mining transactions; he called it being badly hit; and his private means, which had once been very fair, had gone to mere rags and tatters. Mr. Fenton himself had never been careful about money; but had always spent a penny more than his shilling, using his fortune a little too royally, if pleasantly, both for pride and sense; so that things did really look very awkward for them, unless Mr. Hunter could be brought to relent, or Georgie be made to concede: neither of which two contingencies seemed likely to happen. And in the meantime, Mr. Pike wrote letters of accumulative harshness, and the split between the two houses was widening into a gulf which soon, not even Georgie, as the Curtius, would be able to fill up. In the midst of which discomfort of circumstance and feeling Mr. Hunter gave a grand ball to all the gentry round, and to some that were not gentry; but not, of course, including the Fentons; his quarrel with whom had been the standard subject of gossip for the whole dreary winter month during which it had lasted.

Yet a Brough Bridge ball without pretty Georgie Fenton was Hamlet with the part of Hamlet left out—the summer without flowers—the winter without Christmas. It was not like a Brough Bridge party at all, said many of the young men, stalking through

the rooms discontentedly, and feeling personally ill-used by her omission. But if the entertainment fell flat and dead in the minds of many, it was brisk enough to slender Miss Annie Turnbull, who, now that 'the Fenton girl' as she styled Georgie, was definitively shelved, seemed to think her chance of the Hunterian greenhouses and vineries not so very bad after all. Both she and Miss La Jeune knew by heart that often-neglected truth, that the best moment to strike is during a rebound, and that a man's heart is never so easy to win as when he has just been rejected by another. And they put in practice what they knew. By the end of the evening they had advanced their chance many stages on the way to certainty; and they saw that, with a few more strokes, the iron which had been so long impervious to their blows would take just the shape they wished. Others thought so too; for Mr. Hunter made himself quite conspicuous by his attentions to Miss Annie, he being one of those crafty pachyderms who, even when they are wounded, never turn their soft side to the world, but present only impenetrable hides and jointed plates of armour which not the sharpest eyes can pierce through—a man to stare down eagles in his quiet stolid way, and to let foxes eat into his vitals without a cry.

And when the Fentons heard all about the ball, which they did from half a dozen good-natured friends, and were told how Mr. Hunter had opened it with Miss Turnbull, and had danced with her every other dance—such a marked thing you know, and really quite insulting to the other ladies! only that he danced so badly no one cared, except for the mere look of the thing; and how he had taken her down to supper before all the dowagers, old Lady Scratchley, and all, saying quite loud, that beauty was before



age in his eyes—and had toasted her as the beauty of Brough Bridge and the belle of the ball, when he and the other gentlemen had made havoc with the remnants;—and when the same good-natured friends, seeing from which quarter the wind was setting, were unanimous in their praises of Miss Annie's beauty and Miss Annie's grace, and Miss Annie's lady-like manners, and her dignity and aristocratic appearance, and all the rest of it—then Mrs. St. John felt that the Fenton family vessel was really sinking, and that nothing short of a miracle could save it.

The shipwreck seemed none the less imminent when, about a week after the party, Miss Le Jeune and her niece called at the Hall with that unmistakable air and manner of success which tell of a woman's triumph.

'We were sorry you were not at Mr. Hunter's the other night,' began Miss Annie with the most affable manner and in her sweetest voice: she had a great many manners and voices too.

'I hear it was a pleasant evening,' answered Mrs. St. John curtly.

'Oh, delightful! the most delightful evening I have ever had!' cried Miss Annie enthusiastically. 'I had no idea that Mr. Hunter's house had such capabilities of beauty.'

'It is a capital house,' said Georgie, when her sister, disdaining a reply, took to knitting her zebra sofa-cover with portentous energy, 'and has plenty of room for all kinds of beautifying.'

She meant simply what she said, that the space was so large you could do what you liked in it; but Miss Annie told Mr. Hunter, in good faith too that she was repeating the sentiment if a little confusing the words, that Miss Fenton had said, when she, Miss Annie, had praised his house, that 'there was plenty of room for improvement, though it was a large place.' And as Mr. Hunter was proud of his house, and, like many men who calculate the artistic value of a purchase by its money cost, exceedingly proud of his taste which

he believed to be superior to most men's, poor little Georgie's reported sarcasm did not help to make things sweeter between them.

'You should have been there, Miss Fenton,' continued Miss Annie: 'why were you not? I was looking for you all the evening, and made so sure you would come!'

'We were not asked,' said Georgie smiling: she smiled at Miss Annie's transparent falsehood.

'Not asked? Why not? Why you,' emphasized a little satirically, 'were always such a very great favourite of Mr. Hunter's! What have you been doing to get out of favour?'

Miss Annie's eyes were called grey; but they were of the kind which become sea-green under the influence of certain emotions; and they were green now.

'There have been some painful matters between Mr. Fenton and us,' said little Georgie; 'and as he is angry with us, it is scarcely likely he would ask us. I thought every one in the place knew that he had cut us,' she added, in her turn looking straight into Miss Turnbull's face.

'And we always thought you were to be mistress of The Oaks,' said that lady, maliciously. 'How strangely things turn out in this life!'

'Yes,' said Georgie; 'but it would have been more strange if I had ever been mistress of Mr. Hunter's house.'

Miss Annie gave a little laugh. She thought so too, now. 'There might be worse fates,' she said, smoothing the back of her glove, and looking down demurely.

'A great many,' said Georgie frankly; 'to be mistress of such a place as that would be a most enviable position to most women.'

'Oh! then, it is the man you dislike!' cried Miss Annie, looking up, her eyes very green indeed, and her face in a manner radiant with malice.

'I did not say so,' answered little Georgie firmly: 'I never said I disliked Mr. Hunter, because I do not; but we may like a friend most sincerely and yet not wish to

marry him. People never seem to think that possible,' she continued warmly. 'You are accused of personal dislike so soon as you will not marry any one, no matter what your reason: as if one could marry all the people one likes as friends and acquaintances!' she added, arching her eyebrows as was her pretty trick when excited.

'Well, Miss Fenton, don't be angry,' answered Miss Annie just a trifle insolently. 'I am sure I had no intention of exciting or displeasing you. You are always so excitable—it is such a pity!'

Georgie laughed. She was too good-tempered to take offence; besides, she was not really excitable. She had only a vehement manner sometimes—not often.

'Good-bye, then,' said the ladies, aunt and niece, rising to take leave. 'Good morning, Mrs. St. John,' continued Miss Le Jeune, 'and do not be very much surprised if you should hear something more particular some day soon,' with an arch glance to where Miss Annie stood twisting her muff.

'Oh, aunt!' said Miss Annie; but she did not blush, though she simpered.

'I'm sure I don't know about hearing anything particular,' returned Mrs. St. John tartly. 'I hope it won't be anything disgraceful if we do—that's all!'

'I know what you mean, Miss Le Jeune,' said Georgie good-naturedly, 'and when we are told officially that we may, I am sure we will all congratulate you most heartily!' and she looked the heartiness she spoke of.

'What a fool you are, Georgina!' said her sister, when they were alone.

'Aunt, I cannot make that girl out! Is she a simpleton?' said Miss Annie, when they also were alone.

'I can, my dear: she is in love with some one else,' answered Miss Le Jeune.

'But who can it be, aunt? There is no one in the place to fall in love with—except Mr. Hunter,' said Miss Annie. But the saving clause a little dragged, as if it had been forced out by reflection.

'Perhaps it is with Mr. Dunn, or

Adolphus Globb,' Miss Le Jeune answered. 'But whoever it is, she is in love with some one, you may be sure.'

Fortunately for Georgie neither of them remembered the ex-secretary, or connected that drive in the dog-cart with the present rejection of the iron-merchant's hand and the ruin of the Fenton family.

Ruin, indeed! for now there was no reprieve possible. Mr. Hunter had been struck, and well struck too—struck home, while the iron was fiery hot with indignation—and he had yielded to the blows and been hammered into the shape desired. Suddenly he awoke to the consciousness of Miss Turnbull's manifold perfections; he became quite a convert to the doctrine of blood as exemplified in her birth and condition—he, the son of a day-labourer in the mines, whose highest post had been captain of the mine!—he, the despiser of all the my-lords that ever lived, in favour of the self-made men shaping the coarse clay of their own fortunes by their own hands! Also at the same time he found out that auburn hair and green-grey eyes were far more beautiful than chestnut hair and dark-blue eyes; that Miss Le Jeune was worth a dozen Mrs. St. Johns; that Miss Annie Turnbull put Miss Fenton in the shade in everything—mind, manners, appearance, and character; in a word, he formally recanted his professions of faith to little Georgie by making an offer of marriage to Miss Annie, which was accepted without even the pretence of blushing.

Accepted and rendered irrevocable by the grand ceremony which took place in the parish church not two months after that tremendous snow-storm when Charley Dunn and Louisa Globb had called at the Hall, and Mr. Hunter had stayed to dine and make love to Georgie after. The whole thing was rather too hurried, perhaps, for true aristocratic dignity; and in its very haste expressed both Mr. Hunter's feverish dissatisfaction with himself and his dread of reflection; and Miss Le Jeune's dread, on her side, lest some untoward accident should occur even at

the eleventh hour to prevent penniless niece Annie from becoming Mrs. Samuel Harmer Hunter and the mistress of The Oaks after all.

And now what could the Fenton family do but bow their heads to the inexorable decree of fate and marriage, and die decently at the foot of the great statue of debt as social somebodies henceforth reduced to mere ghosts? Their funeral hymn was sung in noisy fashion enough—set to the jarring chords of the auctioneer's hammer when he put up the old Hall for sale, and Mr. Hunter became its purchaser for a sum not quite two-thirds its real value; when all the neighbourhood swept through the desecrated rooms, and chaffered for precious relics. Fortunately, they saved enough out of the wreck to give them a small means of living; 'better than the work-house, but only just better,' said Mrs. St. John; and indeed two hundred a year to the past owner of the Hall with its park and pleasant crofts, its conservatory and pretty model cottages, its gardens, seductive shrubberies, gay glass houses, and all the other charms of an English country estate, was little short of beggary—a pittance barely lifting them above actual starvation, as it seemed to them. So this was where Georgie's motto had landed her; and out of 'Faithful and True' was spelled the fall of one of the most ancient houses in or about Brough Bridge. But though grieved and cast down, and sometimes a little bewildered, Georgie had never wavered, and never felt the sacrifice ill bestowed. 'He will surely come back to me,' she used to say to herself. 'God will preserve his life for me, and I know that he will keep his faith untouched!'

This change of fortune brought with it other changes in the family; for Mr. and Mrs. St. John, no longer finding their account in home housekeeping, went off into the world to try what fortune would come to them through a woman's shrewishness and a man's supineness; and Georgie and her old father were left alone. Which was just the best thing that could have hap-

pened to them: it brought them nearer together when love was their only consolation; and, strange as it seemed, the old man was happier now than he had ever been in his life before. For Georgie, doing what she could to repair the mischief she had caused, devoted herself to him with all the intensity of her nature, careful only that his last days should be calm and blessed, and full of the truest dignity and sweetest solace.

The Brough Bridge people stood bravely by their deposed princes. True, they were toadies, as all are who are poor and worldly both; but they were also aristocratic, and loyal to their leaders even when in exile. Like devotees to whom the mutilated torso is still the god, they recognised the glory of the Fenton past in the respect which they paid to the Fenton present. The carriages that used to come sweeping up that bold curve before the Hall windows now drew meekly by the little gate which led into the small cottage-garden; and it became a point of honour with them all to include 'little Georgie' in every matter of gaiety set on foot. The same people looked smilingly on Mr. and Mrs. Hunter, of course: no one thought of making the Fenton fall a party question—not even Charley Dunn, who had felt it as keenly as if it had happened to his own sister; but though they looked smilingly, and calculated the dances and the suppers and the good dinners and the archery-meetings, and all the other pleasures emanating from the new inmates of the Hall as worth the sacrifice of a little puritanical sincerity, yet the retired iron-merchant lost more real popularity by his conduct to the Fentons than he would ever regain if he stayed for generations at Brough Bridge. And he knew this, too; and so did Miss Le Jeune and Mrs. Hunter. A country place is one huge Dionysius' ear, and even whispers are carried on the heads of the waving corn, or on the breath of the evening wind; and that Midas has ass's ears is known to all the gossips for miles round—and to Midas himself—if told only to the eglantine in the

hedges or to the clouds in the sky. For which reason he hated (or thought he hated, which answered the same purpose) little Georgie and her father with increased intensity, and never let slip an opportunity when he might hurt her, and so turn the arrow in his own wound dexterously. But she, comforted by her patient duties, secure in her love, and not ill at ease in her conscience, bore everything with unruffled equanimity, and did not envy Annie Turnbull either her husband or her grand home, knowing so surely what greater grace would be hers in the days to come—knowing the reward of constancy and the triumph of faith that would justify her to the world, as she had been already justified to her own soul.

Months passed. The seasons blossomed, and ripened, and waned; winter came again, and after winter the spring, and then the blooming summer, and then autumn time, and winter once more. Little Georgie's girlhood, like the spring time, came up to its loveliest culmination and then passed into the summer of mature womanhood; but still no lover came back from over the seas to make her his wife, and still her life was fed on hope alone. People said she would be an old maid—oh! she was certain to be one, unless she would marry Charley Dunn at last, as a reward for his many years of devotion; but as for any one else—then there was an expressive shrug—poor Georgie Fenton! her day was gone by, and such a sweet pretty creature as she was once, too! Charley Dunn, however, 'didn't do,' somehow; and Georgie remained single at the little cottage, devoted to her father, and wearing always that same sweet look of inward content which had become habitual to her since their fall. Strange, was it not, that she should be so happy under ruin?

The old father at last began to droop, and Georgie was soon to be alone. It was in the autumn time, when the days are short and gloomy, and the nights are long and dull, and when loneliness is as bad as actual suffering. Yet this trial, too, Georgie had to undergo. Her father

died just as the winter set in; and henceforth her hearth was unshared and her house was empty. She suffered, too, in income; for the old man, true to his habitual indolence, made no will—would make none—and the two sisters shared the property between them, each having about a hundred a year, the one for her private pocket-money, the other for her maintenance. And then it was that Georgie had her second 'eligible' offer in the person of the newly-appointed vicar of the parish, a young and very estimable man; whom also she refused for the sake of that shadowy love of hers over the seas among the barbarians, whose faith she believed in as in the sunshine of to-morrow, and whose love was dearer to her than her life. 'Faithful and True'—no! she would never forget Roger Lewin's motto!

Georgie's hundred a-year was, of course, at her own absolute disposal. It was little enough to live on, but with care and good management it did pretty well; better in the country where she was known, than in a town among strangers, where she would be judged according to her means only. The capital was in the funds, yielding the standard three and a-half per cent; and more than one adviser counselled her to sell out, and invest in something more lucrative; and not a few counselled her to speculate boldly—not wildly, but with judgment and insight; advising her as if she had been a stockbroker herself, and knew all the mysteries of settling-day, and time-bargains, and bills of exchange, and Capel Court stags, and all the rest of it, instead of being a little ignorant country goose, who never could be made to comprehend even the art and science of banking. For a long time she turned a deaf ear to everything proposed; but, not being obstinate save on one point, she finally yielded, and gave a power of attorney to Mr. St. John for the sale of her three thousand pounds, he having promised her in a memorable letter always rising up in judgment against him, that it should be invested in a mortgage he had handy, giving her, at five per cent., one hundred and fifty

pounds a-year, instead of only a hundred and five. Georgie thought the odd forty-five would be very welcome; and she knew that mortgages were as safe as consols; so she thanked her brother-in-law for his kindness, sold out her store, and sat down to her lonely dinner, quite rich in anticipation.

Mr. St. John took her money; and did not invest it in the mortgage. With the best intentions in the world, he bought some shares in a foreign mine which was to make every one's fortune, really thinking that he had thereby secured Georgie a handsome independence for life. Stephen St. John was one of those feather-headed men who never learn wisdom from experience, and who are for ever twisting Atlantic cables out of sea-sand.

The consequences so fatally sure to ensue to all women who speculate at first hand or second, came to Georgie. The foreign mines, after raising an enormous sum from English speculators, suddenly collapsed; and Georgie, and Mr. St. John himself, and all others who had trusted in them, woke up one morning to irreparable disaster. It was as if the dykes had broken loose in the night; or Solway Moss had again suddenly marched forth, pouring stones and mud and ruin over their whole estates. So now surely the cup was full, and 'Faithful and True' was the asp round its edge—a mere will-o'-the-wisp, leading her by false likeness of warmth and light through nothing but swamps and quagmires!

She was ruined: more hopelessly than even when Mr. Hunter sent off his angry letter of instructions to Mr. Pike—than even when the old Hall was put up for sale to the highest bidder, and knocked down to her rejected lover at two-thirds its real value. For a moment she felt stunned, and a little sick, when she read Mr. St. John's letter. The world looked so large, and blank, and dark to her!—and yet she had to go out into it, and make her way through its desolation as she best could. Earnestly she desired to remain at Brough Bridge; but by what magic process to get her living

out of the inhabitants of this poorly-dowered place? The attempt seemed very hopeless; and yet it must be made; for she must live by work if she would not starve in idleness. She had but one resource: few women have more, or other—she could teach. At least she ought to be able to do so, for she had been well taught herself; and there were a few young creatures about whose minds wanted training such as she perhaps could supply as well as another: and specially there were Mr. Hunter's two children at the Hall—the one a girl of seven, and the other a boy of five—who would come under her hand very well. So Georgie had some circulars printed, in which it was set forth that Miss Fenton would engage herself as instructress in all manner of arts and sciences; to all requiring her services, at so much a week: by no means too high terms, poor Georgie! These circulars she sent to all the people round about; and, among others, to 'Mrs. Samuel Harmer Hunter' (the lady liked all her names to be used), 'The Hall.'

'I heard she was ruined,' said Mr. Hunter morosely. He was seldom anything but morose, especially to his wife.

'And I suppose that is why you have been in such a dreadful temper these last few days,' retorted his wife, whose soul had never shaken off its jealousy, nor her eyes cleared themselves of their sea-green.

'I did not know that I had been particularly disagreeable,' said Mr. Hunter with a sneer. 'I know too well by this time that I am always disagreeable to you, Mrs. Hunter, whatever mood I may be in.'

'Upon my word, you are not a bad guesser,' said Mrs. Hunter with an unpleasant laugh. 'You are becoming quite brilliant in your old age!'

Then she went to her 'davenport,' and without more words, or anything like consultation with her husband, wrote off to Miss Fenton a cold offer of an engagement for three days in the week only, to teach her two children all they ought to know.

Georgie quivered a little when



she received this note. She had never been on visiting terms with the Hunters since their marriage; and of late scarcely on bowing terms. As time wore on, Mr. Hunter had become more and more severe against her; her every trial seeming not to soften, but to anger and inflame him; thinking, with as much bitterness as wounded self-love, of the fine position she had thrown away for a disgraceful fancy, and of the insult she had offered him in her rejection and most shameful preference. Which showed that at least the hurt of love remained, if of a soured and heated kind, not even skinned over with pity or forgiveness. But painful as it was to her to go to the Hall under any circumstances—doubly painful under the present—it would not do to let sentiment and feeling interfere with her life, thought Georgie; so she buckled on her armour, and answered Mrs. Hunter in her own form, accepting the engagement proffered, and proposing to begin next Monday: it was now Friday.

'I have engaged that Miss Fenton to teach the children,' said Mrs. Hunter contemptuously tossing Georgie's note to her husband. He took it with almost a start; but so easily suppressed that Mrs. Hunter saw only a certain quickness of movement, which might have been mere rudeness or *gaucherie* of manner—'snatching like a monkey,' as she phrased it: 'I suppose she is capable of teaching them the rudiments,' she added, even more offensively.

'I should say better than their mother,' retorted Mr. Hunter, who had passed into the phase of utter disbelief in any virtue, quality, or acquirement whatever of his wife's.

'Of course you think so!' said Mrs. Hunter with her unpleasant laugh. 'What a pity it was she did not reciprocate your high esteem!'

And then they betook themselves to their daily occupation of jangling, which they followed with as much zeal as if their bread depended on its continuance for a given time unchecked.

The day of trial came; and Georgie went to the Hall, for the

first time since she left it with her old father, a ruined man through her. There was the old place: the conservatory, where she and Roger had so often had their brief stolen meetings; the large bay-windows where he used to snatch a few precious moments more, when lynx-eyed sister Carry was out of sight and hearing; the shrubbery where she played as a child; the fields behind the house, where the red cow once ran at her (she could just see the green through the trees, and the old thorn standing in the midst); the way to the back door; and the very kitchen-window all askew, where old Jane, the cook, had so often given her 'sugar-bread' through the bars;—all the old memories of the past coming on her in a flood as she went slowly up the walk, counting the flowers, and recognising every bush and plot, till she stood on the broad low step, and knocked at the door.

In the hall stood Mr. Hunter, cold, stony, and insolent with that insolence of despair which knows there is nothing to be had from love. But Georgie had nerved herself, so did not shrink. She went to her work with something of the desperate courage of a man going up to the cannon's mouth, and resolved to undergo whatever might be appointed. She bowed to the master as he passed; and he coldly to her; yet the sight of her face in her own hall moved him, and he thought of the time when he saw her last there, she in all the bloom of girlhood, and he in the flush and confidence of love. She was but just twenty then; now she was eight and twenty, and her youth had gone, and years of care and sorrow had dimmed her beauty, and traced on her face the tracks and courses of the future deepened lines—not so far off now! But still the countenance was sweet and tranquil if sorrowful, and pure and loving as always. And when he thought of what love it was that shone upon it, and of his own humiliation, his heart turned into stone again, and he drew back the hand he had more than half extended to welcome her.

And so she passed him without a



word of greeting, and followed the servant into the drawing-room, where sat Miss Annie Turnbull translated, in her usual aristocracy and transcendent insolence.

Mrs. Hunter bowed as her guest entered; but she did not rise from her place, and she did not offer her hand. 'I presume, Miss Fenton, you are capable of the charge you assume, and of the trust reposed in you?' she said at once, without further preamble, tranquilly continuing her bead-work.

'Your children are not very far advanced, I suppose?' answered Georgie quietly. 'I do not feel afraid to undertake their education. Would you like to put me through a preliminary examination?'

Mrs. Hunter looked up sharply. Was Georgie Fenton really a fool, as she had so often called her, or was there a subtle secret sarcasm in this, almost beyond her own powers of penetration? She read nothing in the quiet face looking full into hers, but she got uncomfortable herself, and with her discomfort somewhat more insolent.

'I scarcely think there is any necessity for that,' she said, as if half-doubtful on the point. 'You were educated as a gentlewoman, and I have no doubt have retained sufficient traces and reminiscences of that time to be an efficient trainer of a lady's nursery. But of course, both Mr. Hunter and myself are particular—very particular, indeed—as to the person we place about the children, and you must forgive me for being explicit.'

'You are quite right to be particular, and explicit too,' answered Georgie; 'and I will give you all the information respecting myself that you like to ask. Would you like to know the school I went to when I was young? and about poor dear mamma's family?'

Again Mrs. Hunter was startled; but not liking to undertake a duel where her adversary kept her weapon masked, she prudently retreated. 'What nonsense you are talking, Miss Fenton!' she said tartly; 'as if I did not know all about you well enough by this time!'

'Then I do not see the good of prolonging this conversation,' said Georgie rising. She had gained her point. 'You know all about me, you say, and have agreed to my terms; had I not then better begin at once with the children, instead of taking up your valuable time longer? If you agree to my teaching them at all,' she continued a little hastily, 'it is really a waste of time to enter into the question of my capacity, or whether I am fitted by education and habits to become the governess of two little children of five and seven!'

'You have not conquered your old excitability, I see,' said Mrs. Hunter coldly, ringing the bell. 'Show Miss Fenton into the school-room,' she said, as the servant entered. 'Good morning, Miss Fenton; I hope I shall have reason to be satisfied with you in every respect,' she added, as Georgie, bowing to her more haughtily than seemed a poor governess quitting the presence of her patroness, walked away to enter on her first day's duties as governess to the Harmer Hunter children at the old Hall.

When she went home that night, she cried herself to sleep like a baby. But she did not give in: the path appointed for her walking was rough, and lonely, and stony enough, and her heart failed her for fear of its terrible ways and the pitfalls besetting it; but she knew that she ought to go through with it to the end, letting neither temper nor sentiment move her: and she did so.

This was the beginning of Georgie Fenton's teaching the undeveloped young at Brough Bridge; and soon she had quite a sufficient *clientèle* to make her easy about the butcher and baker, and such grim ogres of destiny waiting at the back of all unprotected females, self-helping, whose own hands are their only safeguards against destruction. She gained, too, in respect, if that were possible; for the Brough Bridge people liked her stanch adhesion to them, and loved to contrast it with the flighty recklessness of the present day, when 'girls are never

satisfied unless they are sprawling all over the world,' as the old Admiral said, puckering up his little shrivelled monkey face curiously. Even old Lady Scratchly, who had never been a profound admirer of the Fentons in their palmy days, offered Miss Georgie free bed and board, and twenty pounds a-year 'compliment,' (she was a euphemistic old lady, that!) if she chose to go to Laburnam Cottage as nominal guest, but in reality as companion. Which was a great deal to emanate from beneath that wonderful beflowered wig; seeing that, as it was, the old lady could scarcely get both tattered ends to meet, and calculated mouths and loaves as if she was calculating diamonds and their settings. But Georgie preferred the cold independence of her governessing; and now that the first shock was over, and she had settled into her new niche in the Hall—where, to do them justice, the Hunters never disturbed her—liked better to teach the little ones their two and two make four than to read Balzac and the 'Times' alternately to my lady, varied with episodes of scandal such as only aristocratic old ladies, despising the commoner sort, can indulge in. In which she was wise; the iciest and hardest independence being better than fetters worn under eiderdown and pranked round with silk velvet, let them be never so slight and never so richly covered.

How everybody was getting married at Brough Bridge! everybody but Georgie Fenton, who 'hung on hand' in a manner marvellous to all men. Even Charley Dunn, forsaking the colours he had worn on his sleeve for more than twelve years now, took upon himself to reward Miss Louisa's rollicking constancy, and to put their two nothings a year into one common purse, with the rather wild design of making something out of the conglomerate. Maggie Wood and the old Admiral were married last spring; and pretty Mary Douthwaite had hooked and landed young Mr. Whiting Fox, the diplomatist from London; Miss Moss had found her official assignee the year of the

Fenton's downfall and Miss Annie's elevation; and one of the Miss Hawtreys had perched on a twig of foreign growth, and sang her little French romances and Italian canzonettas under a roof-tree of her own. But none of the Miss Globbs had gone off yet, though Louisa had long been talked about with Charley Dunn, and half Brough Bridge said they had been engaged this dozen years or more; which was premature and an extension of the fact; they only 'made it up last week,' said Charley, 'and you are the first we have told it to after mamma and the girls, Miss Georgie.'

'And I am sure I am very glad!' said little Georgie cordially. 'You are quite formed for each other, and I do not think you could have made a better choice, either of you.'

Charley winked his eyes; a habit of his when he was rather at a loss what to say; and Miss Louisa laughed one of her loud explosive laughs, like a hilarious ten-pounder going off.

'Only, one!' she said, or rather shouted. 'Charley would have had no objection to another choice, if she would have had him, Miss Fenton!'

And then they all laughed; and Georgie blushed for a variation. 'You were always a madcap,' she said to Louisa, 'and will never be better.'

'Never above confessing the truth and sticking to it,' said Miss Louisa.

'Well, never mind, this is the truth now!' cried Charley giving her a great hug as they turned homeward through the lane.

'Oh! the saints be praised, I'm not jealous, Miss Georgie!' called out Louisa at the top of her voice. And at that moment the Hunters' carriage, with Mr. and Mrs. Hunter in state together, dashed past Georgie standing by her little garden-gate, and heard what Miss Louisa said, which made them wince, though from different causes.

Georgie Fenton, though of a pure constitution, was not strong; and the incessant exposure to all weathers tried her, especially in the winter. She struggled manfully against the feeling of weakness

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Drawn by M. Allen Edwards.]

### FAITHFUL AND TRUE.

"And now their day of recompense had come: such as ever comes to truth and fidelity, to courage and to constancy, to honour—to love!"

[See the Story.]

and weariness creeping over her, but she could not overcome it; and it was often almost more than she could do to walk the mile and a half which lay between her cottage and the mill. Then she caught cold, and had a hollow cough, and a pain in her side, which she in her innocence and bravery called a 'stitch,' and so began to be seriously ill, as every one who looked at her could see. Even Mrs. Hunter, who at first called it affliction and non-sense and sundry other things of the same moral standard, once she was forced to allow of the disease which came one day, "but ill to have my bed, but hope to be better soon," while Mr. Hunter stood groaning, as he sat between his teeth, "I wish she would die! it would be the best thing that could happen to her!"

"And so poor George broke down at last, and the wolf that had been so long kept away from the fold does not put his black paws into the gap, which her falling health had made; and soon it seemed that not only his paws but his whole cruel body would come through. The people were very kind—very kind indeed, at first. They sent her wine and jelly, and good things which she would not eat; and on some days she was overwhelmed, and on others almost starving; but however kind people may be, their charitable manner of nursing an invalid is not very satisfactory; besides, even the most generous get tired of doing kindness to the same person after a time—unless, indeed, they can establish a sort of ludicrous right of patronage, and then they will go on adumbrating for as long as the world knows—and all people will believe in fairy goodness, who supply good offices under the graceful secrecy of

the night. All these, and more phases than these, the Brough Bridge people went through during little George's illness; but she bore up through it all with her own sweet patience, and never once felt that "Faithful and True," which had brought her to this was about but a taleman and a blessing.

"And even if he is dead," said George weeping, "I would never live as I do now, thank his memory and to be his wife in heaven, but have my amount of misery from any other man." At which Charles burst to whom she said thus, wept too, and taking her hand kissed it as if he had been a Catholic kissing a relic, saying earnestly, "I love you! you are the best and dearest love, wherever you are!"

Before the spring came round again, George Foster was lying in her bath. In the quiet winter night came a hurried knock at her little door, and a stranger, snow-clad, and with the frost-rime hanging round his beard and hair, entered her small room where she lay on a couch beside the fire, as white as the snowdrifts outside. She started and cried out as the tall, snow-looking stranger dashed into the room, seated at the door and stood on one side of the doorway, his eyes fixed on the nurse whom he had put up in his room here all the week, and said to her "Is he not?" whispering that name. It was Roger—now her lover, her own life and death, for time and eternity—came back as he had promised, and as she had believed and lived for. "Faithful and True" both of them had been; and now their day of recompense had come; such as ever comes to truth and fidelity, to courage and to constancy, to goodness and to love!

F. B. L.



[From the M. Allen Edwards.]

### FAITHFUL AND TRUE

"But in their day of temptation had come, such as ever comes to youth and liberty, to courage and to honour—*to love!*"

[See the Story.]



and weariness creeping over her, but she could not overcome it; and it was often almost more than she could do to walk the mile and a half which lay between her cottage and the Hall. Then she caught cold, and had a hollow cough, and a pain in her side, which she in her innocence and bravery called a 'stitch;' and so began to be seriously ill, as every one who looked at her could see. Even Mrs. Hunter, who at first called it affectation and nonsense and sundry other things of the same moral standard, even she was forced to allow of the excuse which came one day, 'too ill to leave my bed, but hope to be better soon;' while Mr. Hunter almost groaned, as he said between his teeth, 'I wish she would die! it would be the best thing that could happen to her!'

And so poor Georgie broke down at last, and the wolf that had been so long kept away from the frail door now put his black paws into the gap, which her failing health had made; and soon it seemed that not only his paws but his whole gaunt body would come through. The people were very kind—very kind indeed, at first. They sent her wine and jelly, and good things which she could not eat: and on some days she was overloaded, and on others almost starving: but, however kind people may be, this desultory manner of nursing an invalid is not very satisfactory; besides, even the most generous get tired of doing kindnesses to the same person after a time—unless, indeed, they can establish a sort of individual right of patronage, and then they will go on swimmingly for as long as the world knows—and all more or less believe in fairy godmothers, who supply good gifts unseen in the gracious secrecy of

the night. All these, and more phases than these, the Brough Bridge people went through during little Georgie's illness; but she bore up through it all with her own sweet patience, and never once felt that 'Faithful and True,' which had brought her to this was aught but a talisman and a blessing.

'And even if he is dead,' said Georgie weeping, 'I would rather live as I do now, true to his memory and to be his wife in heaven, than have any amount of riches from any other man.' At which Charley Dunn, to whom she said this, wept too, and taking her hand kissed it as if he had been a Catholic kissing a relic, saying earnestly, 'God bless you! you are the best and dearest little woman in this world!'

Before the spring came round again, Georgie Fenton was justified in her faith. In the cold winter night came a hurried knock at her little door, and a stranger, snow-clad, and with the frost-rime hanging round his beard and hair, entered her small room where she lay on a couch beside the fire, as white as the snowdrifts outside. She started and cried out as the tall, rough-looking stranger dashed aside the little servant at the door and strode in as one with authority; but she cried out no more when he took her up in his arms from off the couch, and held her to his heart, whispering her name. It was Roger—now her Roger, her own, for life and death, for time and eternity—come back as he had promised, and as she had believed and lived for. 'Faithful and True' both of them had been; and now their day of recompense had come: such as ever comes to truth and fidelity, to courage and to constancy, to honour and to love!

E. L. L.



## THE MERCHANT PRINCES OF ENGLAND.

### CHAPTER XIV.

FOUR LIVERPOOL MERCHANTS—THOMAS JOHNSON, BRYAN BLUNDELL, FOSTER GUNLIFFE,  
AND WILLIAM BROWN.

THE commercial greatness of Liverpool is hardly more than a hundred years old. 'This quondam village,' said Erskine, on a famous Liverpool trial in 1791, 'which is now fit to be a proud capital for any empire in the world, has started up like an enchanted palace even in the memory of living men.' Liverpool is now nearly six times greater than it was when Erskine spoke; but it had ceased to be a 'village' long before the birth of any living in his day. It was a town, guarded by a strong castle, under William the Conqueror. In 1229, Henry III. made it a free borough, with a merchants' guild and hause, and like liberties of tollage, passage, stallage, and customs to those possessed by the burgesses of London, Bristol, Hull, and other ports. At that time, however, and long afterwards, it was one of the smallest of English towns, the largest being small enough. In 1338, when all England furnished seven hundred vessels for the prosecution of the third Edward's war with France, only a single ship—if ship it could be called—and half a dozen sailors came from Liverpool. When Stow wrote his 'Annals,' the shipping was twelve times as great, but the town contained only 690 inhabitants, dispersed over seven streets. In 1524, however, before Stow was born, Leland declared that there was 'good merchandise at Lyrpöle; much Irish yarn that Manchester men do buy is there, and Irish merchants come much thither as to a good haven.' In former times, Chester had been the principal market for Irish traders. Thither came the merchants of Dublin, Drogheda, Dundalk, and Waterford, with little shiploads of flax and provisions, to be exchanged for English and foreign manufactures.

But as the ships grew larger and more numerous, the Dee became less navigable. Therefore the Chester merchants began to use Liverpool as their port, and in consideration of the benefits derived from their patronage, soon claimed a sort of lordship over it. This relationship, at first helpful to the new town, soon proved irksome. Endless disputes arose between the traders of the two ports, and step by step the younger obtained its coveted freedom, the last victory being gained in 1626, when a new charter making it a city, with James Strange, Lord Stanley, for its first mayor, was confirmed by Charles I. Thenceforth it became one of the most promising towns in England. The Irish rebellion of 1641 led to the settling in it of a useful colony of Irish Protestants, and the plague and fire of London in 1665 and 1666 brought it further and greater assistance, by encouraging many influential merchants, driven out of the metropolis, to plant their capital and experience at the mouth of the Mersey. It was soon known as the chief market for the woollen, linen and cotton goods brought from Manchester, Bolton, Bury, Rochdale, and other towns in the South Lancashire districts, from Kendal, in Westmoreland, and from Wakefield, Halifax, Bradford, and Leeds, in Yorkshire. Good stores of cutlery and hardware were brought to it from Gloucester, Sheffield, and Birmingham, with a large proportion of the little iron at that time procured from English mines. Larger quantities of iron were imported from Spain, the staple import of Liverpool was Irish flax. But the Liverpool of two centuries ago, as a sketch made at that time shows, did not cover one fiftieth of the area of the modern town, and in that fiftieth there was room for

pleasant gardens and wide straggling fields. At the left-hand corner, looking at it from the banks of the Mersey, was the venerable chapel of our Lady and St. Nicholas, serving as parish church. On the extreme right was the ancient castle, long since destroyed, and at some distance inland, adjoining Dale Street, stood Crosses Hall, the abode of one of the oldest and worthiest Liverpool families. At the other end of Dale Street, by the river's side and in the centre of the picture, were the only two other large buildings then existing—the old Custom House on the right-hand side, and the old Tower on the left.

That was the Liverpool in which Thomas Johnson was born, about the year 1655, his father having gone thither from Bedford a little while before. In 1689 he held the office of bailiff, and by 1695, when he was mayor, he had come to be one of the leading merchants of the town, conspicuous among a little company of men famous and influential in their day, Richard Percival, William Clayton, and the Norrises, names yet familiar in Liverpool, being the chief. In 1701 he was chosen M. P. for his native town, and he held his seat in three successive parliaments, until the year 1721. A good patriot, but a better townsman, he steadily used his opportunities for promoting the commercial and municipal importance of Liverpool.

In Parliament his chief business of all was the protection of the tobacco merchants' interests, tobacco having come to be, since the opening of the West Indian and Virginian trade, the most important item in Liverpool commerce. In the ten years from 1700 to 1709, the average annual importation of this article amounted to 12,880 tons, 7,857 tons for re-shipment to other countries, and 5,023 tons (about two-thirds of the quantity now used by a population more than thrice as large) for home consumption. Half the shipping, and a great deal more than half the wealth, of Liverpool were engaged in the trade. No other town in England had so large

a share in it; while perhaps no other merchant was as energetic and influential as Thomas Johnson. He used his influence and showed his energy in ways very characteristic of the times. Great jealousy, it seems, was felt by the traders of other ports at the rapid growth of Liverpool. This jealousy led to the careful showing up of practices that would be very blameworthy were they not almost universally adopted a century and a half ago. Even now-a-days tender-conscienced and strictly honourable people see no harm in smuggling. Under Queen Anne and the early Georges, nobody, save ministers and statesmen, and they only where private interests did not clash with public duties, had any scruples about it. The commercial classes resented the determination of men like Robert Walpole to lay the whole burden of taxation upon manufactured and imported goods, to the relief of land and agricultural produce. Hence, the merchants of Liverpool united in a wholesale system of smuggling, and thereby mulcted the Exchequer of very large sums of money. Johnson made no secret, among friends, at any rate, of his share in the business. It was the cause of frequent dispute between him and his fellow M. P. for Liverpool, William Clayton, who, though as great a smuggler as the rest, decried it for the sake of gaining influence with the ministry. He was especially anxious to have all casks of tobacco intended for the foreign market, nearly two-thirds of the whole supply, exported just as they were imported, 'without alteration in the cask, mark, or number,' so as to prevent any tampering with the contents, or any fictitious claiming of abatement on account of damage. 'I told him,' says Johnson in a letter to a friend, 'all our allowances were at an end, if one such practice was on foot; and then where was our trade? We might have one such as the country would admit of; but we could not expect to supply those parts we now do.' Here Johnson was in error. Liverpool merchants have since found that they lose nothing by honest

compliance with the laws of the land, and that real success is to be secured, not by fraud of any kind, but steady adoption of every enlightened measure for the promotion of free trade.

In what was perhaps the most enlightened measure of all in Liverpool history, Johnson was a prime mover. The insufficiency of the Mersey as a harbour for shipping, was a chief cause of the insignificance of Liverpool down to his day. The Thames, without any artificial appliances, afforded a safe resting-place for all the ships that needed to come to London, while Bristol had the junction of the Avon and the Frome, and Plymouth, its excellent bay; Hull, the basin of the Humber and the Hull, and Newcastle the bed of the Tyne. These were the chief ports of England, until Johnson and his friends determined to provide Liverpool with a better artificial harbour than came to any of them through natural causes. The project had been under discussion for some years before the autumn of 1708, when the municipal authorities ordered 'that Sir Thomas Johnson and Richard Norris, esquires, the representatives in Parliament of the Corporation, be desired and empowered to treat with and agree for a person to come to the town and view the ground and plan of the intended dock.' There was great opposition in Parliament and out of it, as great as that which a hundred years before had harassed Sir Hugh Myddelton in his project for constructing the New River; but Johnson and the Corporation of Liverpool persevered, and in 1709 an Act was passed, authorising the work, and the collection of dock dues to partly pay for it. The Old Dock—the oldest dock in England—was begun early in 1710, and completed, at a total cost of about 15,000*l.*, in 1718. It soon became too small for the wants of the town. Other docks were built one after another, to become the wonder of modern travellers; and the Old Dock, falling into disuse, was at length filled up and made the site for the new Custom House of Liverpool. But this was

the enchanter's wand that converted 'the quondam village' into a city, 'fit to be the proud capital of any empire in the world.' A tourist, writing in 1727, declared that 'in his first visit to Liverpool, in 1680, it was a large, handsome, and thriving town; at his second visit, ten years later, it was become much bigger; but at his third visit, in 1726, it was more than double its bigness of the said second visit; and it is still increasing in people, buildings, wealth, and business.'

But Johnson did not increase in wealth or business. Too much of a patriot to pay proper heed to his own concerns, he seems never to have been very rich, and to have grown poorer as he advanced in years. In 1707, in consideration of his great services in Liverpool, he had been knighted by Queen Anne, but it was sorely against his will. 'God knows,' he wrote to one of his best friends, 'I knelt to kiss the queen's hand, and to my great surprise the other followed. I am under great concern about it, knowing I no way desired that I had, and must undergo a great many censures; but the Lord forgive them as I do.' In 1707 he was too poor to desire the honour of knighthood, or to know how to support it with dignity; and in 1722, after faithful work for Liverpool in three successive Parliaments, his re-election was quashed in consequence of a petition showing that, not being a landowner worth 300*l.* a year, he did not possess the requisite qualification. He left Liverpool and England in the following spring. He went to take a custom-house officer's place on the Rappahannock in Virginia, at a salary of 50*l.* a year; and there, or somewhere in the New World, he died a short time previous to May, 1729. Liverpool, just beginning the full enjoyment of the good influences that he had exerted on its behalf, had almost forgotten him in his lifetime, and in later days his memory has been so slighted, even by the special historians who have attempted to trace the origin and growth of the town, that his name is hardly ever mentioned.

But Liverpool has not been able

to forget the name of another of its early benefactors, a generation younger than Sir Thomas Johnson. Bryan Blundell was born somewhere near the year 1685. Left an orphan at an early age, he had to fight his own way in the world; and by 1709 he had won for himself a position of some influence. He was master of a ship engaged in foreign trade, which either was his own property, or afforded him opportunities of engaging in occasional business for himself, and so of getting together a little heap of money. In that year, the year when the Old Dock began to be built, he agreed with the Rev. Robert Stithe, one of the clergymen of the parish church, to found a charity school, partly with their own money, partly by help of subscriptions from their friends. Setting to work at once, they collected enough to form a fund yielding 60*l.* or 70*l.* a year. That done, they built a school-house for 35*l.* and placed therein fifty children, whom they clothed and taught during the day-time, leaving them to be kept by their parents. Stithe was appointed treasurer; 'and I,' says Blundell, in a charming sketch of his work in this cause, 'went to sea on my employment, telling Mr. Stithe that I hoped to be giving him something every voyage for the school.' In four years he did give 25*l.* Then, in 1713, good Mr. Stithe died, and his successor in the church showed no inclination to carry on his charitable work; 'which gave me much concern,' writes Blundell. 'I therefore determined to leave off the sea and undertake the care of the school, and was chosen treasurer in 1714; at which time there was 200*l.* at interest, which was all the stock the school had. In a little time I saw some of the children begging about the streets, their parents being so poor as not to have bread for them; which gave me great concern, inasmuch that I thought to use my best endeavours to make provision for them, so as to take them wholly from their parents, which I hoped might be promoted by a subscription. I therefore got an instrument drawn out for that

purpose on parchment, went about with it to most persons of ability, and many subscribed handsomely. On the strength of which I went to work and got the present charity school built, which has cost between 2000*l.* and 3000*l.* and was finished in 1718, at which time I gave for the encouragement of the charity 75*l.*, being one-tenth of what it pleased God to bless me with, and did then purpose to give the same proportion of whatever He should indulge me with in time to come, for the benefit and encouragement of the said charity. So great has been the mercy and providence of God in prospering me in business that I have made up the 75*l.*,' he said, writing in 1751, 'to 2000*l.*, which I have paid to the use of the school, and my children, six in number, the youngest of them now near thirty years of age, are so far from wanting or being worse for what I have given to the school, that they are all benefactors to it, some of them more than 100*l.* at a time; I may truly say, whilst I have been doing for the children of the school, the good providence of God hath been doing for mine.'

It was certainly a happy thought that led honest Bryan Blundell to abandon the sea and settle down as a Liverpool merchant. Not only was he thus able to establish the most important local charity to be found in the borough, but he thus, securing the double blessing attendant on the quality of mercy, made for himself and his offspring an honourable place among the great men of Liverpool. He became a large and enterprising merchant, an influential townsman, and a great promoter of every sort of good work. He was mayor in 1721, and again in 1728. He had stately ships of his own trading with Africa, with North Carolina, Jamaica, and Nevis, as well as other parts of North America and the West Indies. But he never forgot his charity school. In 1726 he procured its enlargement, so as to admit ten more children, and in 1735, all the sixty, hitherto only partially boarded, were taken altogether out of their parents' hands. In 1742,



ten more were added, and in 1748 the number was raised to a hundred, seventy of them being boys and thirty girls. 'The charge is now,' he said, three years later, '700*l.* per annum, towards which we have, by the blessing of God, attained to a stock or income of 400*l.* a year. The other 300*l.* comes in by gifts and legacies, so that we have never yet wanted at the year's end, but always continue increasing a little. I have now been treasurer thirty-seven years, in which time more than four hundred children have been put out apprentices, mostly to sea, in which business many of them are masters and some mates of ships. Several of them are become benefactors to the school and useful members of society. We take the children into the school at eight years of age, and put them apprentice at fourteen, and give 40*s.* apprentice fee with each. The method observed with the children in the school is as follows:—One half of the day the boys are employed in picking oakum, by which they raise 50*l.* a year; the girls are employed in spinning cotton, and earn about 20*l.* per annum; the other half their time is applied for their instruction in reading, writing, and common arithmetic. It is so useful a charity that I have frequently wished to see as many charity schools as we have churches in the town, which are four, and I yet hope the good providence of God may bring it to pass in the next generation.' Liverpool still has only one Blue Coat School; but that has grown immensely since the death of its founder, and the Blundells have continued to be champions of good works to this day.

Bryan Blundell died in 1756. He was followed, two years later, by another man of mark in the history of Liverpool, his partner in many acts of benevolence, though more conspicuous for his commercial and municipal energy than for his philanthropy. This was Foster Cunliffe. Sprung from an ancient Lancashire family that had lands granted to it at Billington, near Whalley, somewhere before the close of the thirteenth century, the Cunliffes

were long famous both in commercial and political history. Under the year 1282 we find an Adam Cunliffe named as one of the twelve principal persons in Manchester; and four hundred years later Nicholas and Robert Cunliffe were leaders of the Commonwealth cause in Lancashire. Nicholas's grandson was Ellis Cunliffe, a notable Cambridge divine who settled in the north, and became the father of Foster Cunliffe, the next great merchant patriot of Liverpool after Johnson—'a merchant whose honesty, diligence, and knowledge in mercantile affairs procured wealth and credit to himself and his country; a magistrate who administered justice with discernment, candour, and impartiality; a Christian, devout and exemplary in the exercise of every private duty; a friend to merit; a patron to distress; an enemy only to vice and sloth.'

This model man, according to the judgment of many who knew him well, was born in 1685. He was chosen mayor of Liverpool in 1716, in 1729, and again in 1735. In the latter year he was prevented from entering Parliament owing to his inability to show the prescribed qualification, just as Johnson had been unseated thirteen years before; but for a time long before and long after that date he was the leading man in Liverpool affairs. Political opponents regarded him as a tyrannical ruler of both the corporation and the town during a third of a century; those of his own party honoured him as an exemplary promoter of their cause. At any rate he was a great promoter of Liverpool commerce. When he began work as a merchant, the traffic of Liverpool was chiefly with Ireland and the English coast towns, while the Virginian tobacco trade was just rising into importance. At the time of his death, in 1758, that trade, still vigorous, as it is vigorous to this day, had become insignificant in comparison with the newer African trade. In 1709 this African trade employed one ship of thirty tons. In 1760 it found work for seventy-four vessels, with an aggregate burthen of 8,178 tons, and enriched upwards of a



hundred merchants, nearly half as many as were to be found in London and Bristol put together, those being the only two other towns concerned in this branch of commerce. 'The principal exports of Liverpool,' said Samuel Derrick, who visited the town in the latter year, 'are all kinds of woollen and worsted goods, with other manufactures of Manchester and Sheffield, and Birmingham wares, &c. These they barter on the coast of Guinea for slaves, gold dust, and elephants' teeth. The slaves they dispose of at Jamaica, Barbadoes, and the other West Indian islands, for rum and sugar, for which they are sure of a quick sale at home.'

The slave trade was certainly not a very commendable branch of commerce, but it was the great source of Liverpool prosperity during the eighteenth century, and, till near its close, was followed with a clear conscience by men of exemplary honesty and known Christian worth. In 1753 Foster Cunliffe and the two sons then in partnership with him, had four slave-ships fitted to hold 1,120 slaves in all. These made two or three voyages in the year, between Guinea and the West Indies and North America, and brought the Cunliffes profit enough to stock a dozen vessels with rum, sugar, and other articles for sale in England. Five of these twelve ships traded with Antigua, four with Maryland, two with Montserrat, and one with Jamaica.

A hundred other merchants were this year engaged in the African and West Indian trade, the total number of ships possessed by them in all its branches being one hundred and ninety-four, while only eight-and-twenty were sent to the European ports, and twenty-five to Ireland, Bristol, Glasgow, and other British haunts of commerce, besides eighty small sloops reserved for local trade in salt, coal, and other home commodities. For the next half-century the business of Liverpool progressed in about the same proportion. In 1799, the busiest year of all, the slave trade was nearly six times as great as in 1751. In the ten years between 1795 and 1804 the Liver-

pool merchants shipped 323,770 slaves from Africa to America, the London share in the base traffic including only 46,405 slaves, and the Bristol people being responsible for the shipment of 10,718. It was well for the honour of England that the trade was put a stop to in 1806.

Liverpool commerce lost nothing thereby. The men who engaged in it followed a custom in which good people saw no harm, and thus brought wealth to themselves and their country; names as great in Liverpool history as those of Arthur and Benjamin Heywood, Ralph and Thomas Earle, being conspicuous among them. But a better thought was slowly growing among Liverpool merchants and throughout England. One of its greatest leaders was William Roscoe, the Liverpool attorney and the world-famous critic and historian; and a notable associate in his philanthropic labours was William Rathbone, a merchant not more illustrious than a dozen others living in his day, yet specially to be mentioned because of his close connection with the growth of the cotton trade.

Cotton had been brought from the East to be worked up in Manchester and the adjoining towns, some generations before the American trade began. Dated November the 3rd, 1758, the year of Foster Cunliffe's death, and when William Rathbone was a twelvemonth old, is this advertisement in a newspaper of the time: 'To be sold by auction, at Forbes and Cambell's sale-room, near the Exchange, this day, at one o'clock, twenty-five bags of Jamaica cotton in five lots.' From that year cotton was regularly brought from the West Indies. In 1770 the Liverpool importations include 6,030 bales of cotton from 'the West India islands and foreign countries,' with the addition of three bales from New York, three bags from Georgia, four from Virginia and Maryland, and three barrels from North Carolina. Yet as late as 1784, when eight bags of cotton were brought by an American vessel into Liverpool, they were seized by the custom-house officer as a contraband commodity

such as was never known to be grown in America; and when those eight bales were admitted into Liverpool, we are told, they caused such a glut in the market that William Rathbone, to whom they were consigned, found great difficulty in disposing of them. That report, however, is hardly credible, seeing that already Liverpool, thanks to the enterprise of young men like Rathbone and old and influential merchants like the Earles, had already made a fair beginning of its cotton trade. In 1791, 68,404 bales were brought into the town; just half being consignments from Portugal, and 25,777 the produce of the British West Indies; 64 bales came from America. But by 1796 the American imports had risen to 4,668 bales, the West Indian supply being 25,110, and the Portuguese being reduced to 30,721, with a total from all parts of 63,526 bales. From that time the cotton trade has grown with wonderful rapidity, nearly all the benefit of the growth being confined to the new and limitless American market.

It was only reasonable, then, that an American-taught merchant should come to take a foremost place among the merchants of modern Liverpool and modern England. The Liverpool of the past fifty or sixty years abounded in famous men, the Gladstones, the Ewatts, the Horsfalls, and the Croppers, among others, as well as the worthy successors of William Rathbone and the old Earles; but greater than all, if measured by the extent and importance of his business transactions, was William Brown. If American commerce, giving an impetus to the commerce of every other part of the world, has chiefly caused the recent marvellous growth of Liverpool, William Brown must be regarded as the leading man among a host of leaders who knew how to throw himself upon the tide at its flood and so sail on to fortune—England's fortune no less than his own.

He was born at Ballymena, in the county of Antrim, in 1784, of which town his father, Alexander Brown, was a native, and, in a small way, a

respectable merchant, chiefly in connection with the linen trade. When twelve or thirteen years old, he was sent to school at Caterick, near Richmond, in Yorkshire, there to stay till 1800, when his father emigrated, with his family and his business, to America. The house of Alexander Brown and Sons, linen merchants, of Baltimore, soon became famous. Its shrewd founder made full use of the advantages arising from a quickly growing population in a richly productive country. Sending his rough linen across the water, he procured return cargoes of English commodities, and when he found that cotton was even more marketable than linen he lost no time in including it in his shipments. In a few years' time he found it desirable to establish one of his sons in a branch business at Philadelphia, and another in New York. Then he determined to send one to England; and accordingly in 1808, after an absence of eight years, and when he was just four-and-twenty, William Brown returned to his native country to make Liverpool his home through more than half a century.

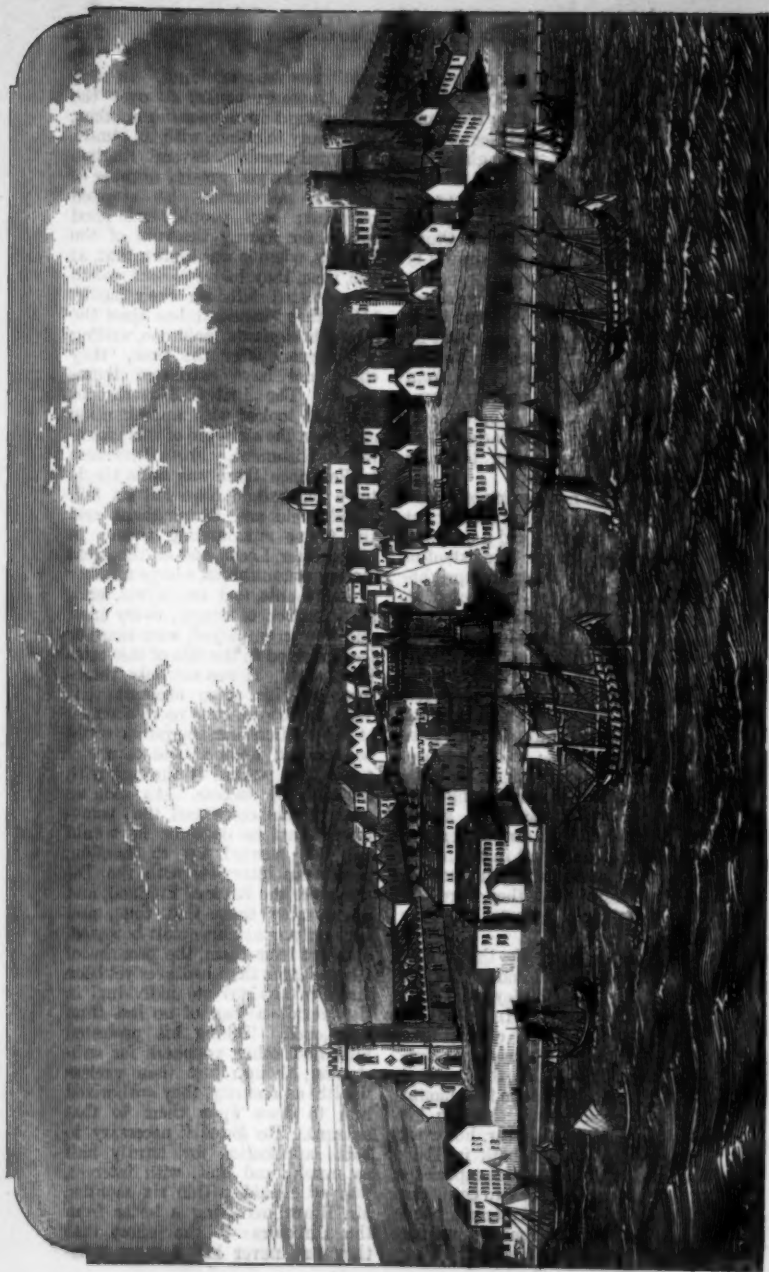
He came at a lucky time. In 1808 the importation of cotton amounted to 43,000,000 pounds; by 1810 it had risen to 132,000,000. That was a larger supply than the Lancashire manufactories had need of; and a sort of panic arose among the merchants, causing some failures and much monetary derangement. The young merchant, however, taking prudent advantage of the consequent fluctuations of credit, reaped from them only profit. He soon became a famous man on 'Change. Admiring friends and jealous rivals followed his lead in their transactions, and found that they might implicitly rely both on the wisdom that guided his dealings and on the honesty that made his name as good as a bank note. A linen and cotton importer in special, he extended his business to all sorts of merchandise. All the articles of American growth were either bought by him, or more frequently sent to him for sale on commission, and in return he sent, either in his own name or in that of

one or other of his many English correspondents, immense cargoes of iron, earthenware, and the thousand and one other commodities grown, made, or bartered in England, to be sold in all parts of America. Through his foreign connections he was also able to carry on a great and most profitable India and China trade, long before the withdrawal of the East India Company's monopoly. While that monopoly lasted, no Liverpool merchant might trade direct with the East Indies; but no legislation could prevent the Browns of Baltimore or New York from buying for American use any quantity of tea, coffee, silk, or opium, and then, as soon as the cargoes had arrived, from reshipping them to the Brown of Liverpool.

Nor was this new genius of Liverpool satisfied with being a merchant on his own account and a commission agent for others. The extent of his business, and the entire uprightness with which he conducted it, made him, to all practical purposes, a banker and money-lender. The traders on both sides of the Atlantic, who transmitted their goods through him, sometimes procured from him advances on account of the goods in his possession, long before they were sold; at other times, they found it convenient to leave large sums in his hands, long after the goods were disposed of, knowing that they could draw whenever they needed, and that in the meanwhile their money was being so profitably invested that they were certain of a proper interest for their loans.

Working in ways like these, William Brown, as head and soul of the firm of Brown, Shipley, and Co., thrived amazingly. In 1836 he bought the Brandon estate, near Coventry, from the Marquis of Hastings, for 80,000*l.* In that year, it was reported, business to the amount of 10,000,000*l.* passed through his hands. That was a year, however, of excessive trading both in England and in America, and especially in the dealings of the two countries with one another. 'American commerce was at that time a towering pile in course of erection; bank

credit was the scaffolding. In 1837 the American banks, all over the Union, went down one after another, and many together, with an almost universal crash.' Several English banks, and a yet greater number of English merchants, also stopped payment; and people had good reason for fearing the ruin of the Browns, when it was known that, at one time, they had 750,000*l.* worth of protested bills on their hands. 'Had they possessed less than the strength of giants,' said one, writing a few years after the time, 'they could not have extricated themselves. The British Government saw, and looked with apprehension as it saw, the struggle of this gigantic establishment. From Inverness to Penzance there was not a single town but would have felt its fall. In Sheffield and Birmingham, and the towns surrounding them; in Manchester, Leeds, and all the great factory communities, a large number of merchants and employers, and, as a matter of course, every man and woman employed, were more or less involved in the fate of this establishment.' It was not only, therefore, on his own account that William Brown, even more alarmed at his position than the public could be, resolved upon a bold course of action, and worked it through with unexampled success. As soon as ever he was convinced that something must be done or he would fail, he hurried up to London, sought an interview with the Directors of the Bank of England, and on assuring them that thus, and thus only, could his credit be saved, obtained from them the promise of a loan larger than had ever yet been made to any private individual in the world—a loan of no less than 2,000,000*l.* Taking his protested bills, and other vouchers for substantial, though just then useless wealth, as security, they authorized him to draw upon them to that amount. He found it necessary to make application for hardly half as much; and that, with interest, was all repaid within six months, Mr. Brown receiving a letter from the Directors to the effect that they had never had a more satis-



LIVERPOOL IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

factory transaction with any other house.

Thus nobly helped through a trouble that was not of his causing, William Brown worked harder than ever, not lessening his strictly commercial dealings, but subordinating them to an ever-growing banking connection, forced upon him by his customers, and willingly accepted, as an easy and safe way of making money. 'If any of you know what a bale of cotton is,' said Richard Cobden, in 1844, 'you are only one remove from a near acquaintance with Mr. Brown, who has in his hands one-sixth part of the trade between this country and the United States. There is hardly a wind that blows, or a tide that flows in the Mersey, that does not bring a ship freighted with cotton, or some other costly commodity, for Mr. Brown's house; and not a lorry in the streets, but what is destined to carry cloth or other commodities consigned to the care of Mr. Brown, to be shipped to America, China, or other parts of the world.'

Those words formed part of a speech delivered on the occasion of William Brown's proposal to enter Parliament as member for South Lancashire. His steadfast adhesion to the cause of free trade, shown some time before in his disinterested opposition to the China monopoly—disinterested because, as we have seen, it enabled him, with his American connections, to profit by a trade from which his neighbours were excluded—and, more recently, in his devotion to the Anti-Corn-law League, made him a fit representative of the liberal opinions held by the leading Manchester men of twenty years ago. He failed in 1844; but in 1846 he was elected for South Lancashire: and he took his seat in Parliament just in time to hear the royal assent given to the Corn-law Repeal Bill.

At that time he was sixty-two years of age; and henceforth he left business matters chiefly in the hands of younger managers. For thirteen years he was an honest and energetic member of Parliament, though better as a voter than as a speaker. A weak voice and a tame delivery

made his speeches—nearly all of them on commercial questions—uninteresting to the many; but the few who valued their topics found them rich in shrewd and generous thought. An anecdote, recorded by an eye-witness, gives curious illustration of his position in the House:—'The honourable member,' we are told, 'was the warm advocate of a decimal coinage, and on one occasion gave notice of his intention to bring it before the House. As it was his intention to quote a good deal of documentary evidence in support of his views, the honourable gentleman, for the convenience of referring to his papers, spoke from the table on the Opposition side. Members turned their best ear to the great merchant; but as few of his remarks reached them, it is no wonder that a gentleman, said to be connected with the Mint, who had been favoured with a seat under the gallery, was still less fortunate. Not a syllable could he hear, who had come prepared to enjoy a great intellectual and arithmetical treat. He converted his hand into an ear-trumpet, but in vain; and his despair grew tragic. At length, as the sound would not come to Gamaliel, Gamaliel determined to go to the sound. Accordingly he left his seat, and entering the sacred precincts of the House, he sauntered along the Opposition benches, nor stopped until he had gained the bench immediately behind Mr. Brown, where he composed himself to the enjoyment of the honourable Member's remarks. After a few minutes, for the speech was a long one, an usher was struck by a face not familiar to him, and he asked a brother-usher "who that new member was?" Nobody knew him. The clerks at the table were appealed to, but they could not remember having administered the oaths to the strange visitor. The Serjeant-at-Arms was now apprised that there was a stranger, or what seemed such, in the body of the House. The matter became serious. It is a high breach of privilege for any person not a member to enter the House itself (by which is not meant the part allotted to strangers), the penalty



being commitment to custody, if not removal to Newgate or the Tower, and the payment of a good round sum in the shape of fees. The Deputy Serjeant-at-Arms made his way to the stranger, asked him to follow him, and led him from the body of the House. We all expected a "scene," an appearance at the bar, a humble apology, a rebuke from the Speaker, or, perhaps, a remand and a search for precedents. Mr. Shaw Lefevre (now Viscount Eversley), however, took a more lenient and sensible view of the matter, and strained the practice of the House in the visitor's favour. His offence was so manifestly involuntary, and Mr. Brown was so provokingly inaudible, that the Speaker advised that no public notice of the matter should be taken by the Serjeant-at-Arms. The offender was therefore dismissed, and the matter was never brought before the House at all. Mr. Brown all this time, unconscious of the occurrence, was quoting his statistics, reading his documents, and endeavouring, in vain, to make himself heard.

He did make himself heard, however, in indirect ways, both in and out of Parliament. 'The greatest public service rendered by Mr. Brown, if not in Parliament, yet in virtue of his parliamentary position,' to use the words of the intelligent authority already cited, 'was in 1856. The government of the United States declared that the British Minister at Washington had violated the law of the United States in raising a foreign legion in the Union for service in the Crimea, and summarily dismissed Mr. Crampton. Lord Palmerston warmly resented the insult, and vindicated the conduct of her Majesty's Minister. The American Government had allowed proceedings to go on which they afterwards contended were contrary to the law of the United States, without sending for Mr. Crampton, or telling him what it was supposed he was guilty of doing. "They allow these things to accumulate," said Lord Palmerston, "in order that, when the proper time arrives, they may either take advantage of

them, or deal with them as matters which do not deserve consideration." These views being fully shared by the Cabinet, the public were prepared by a semi-official announcement for the dismissal of Mr. Dallas. Great alarm prevailed in monetary and commercial circles. A sudden activity was observable in our arsenals and dockyards. Supplies of the *matériel* of war were sent out to Canada; and the Secretary of State for the Colonies assured the Canadians that they would be supported by the whole force of the mother country in the event of war. Troops were despatched to British North America, and heavily-armed vessels of war received sailing orders for the American seaboard. So great was the uneasiness, that the underwriters at Lloyd's were asked in almost every case to insure against capture and seizure, and a percentage was actually charged for the increased risk. Public opinion at home supported the Government in declaring that Mr. Crampton's dismissal by President Pierce was unjustifiable, indefensible, and offensive. At this moment of peril, when the rupture of diplomatic negotiations between the two countries would probably have been followed by insulting and belligerent proceedings on the Canadian frontier and in Central America, Mr. Brown came forward as a mediator between the two countries. He deprecated irritating debates in Parliament, induced Mr. Baillie to withdraw a party question condemnatory of the Government in regard to enlistment in the States, and made an appeal to a virulent Irish member, who was determined to make a speech on the subject, which fixed him with a tremendous weight of responsibility, and procured him a signal defeat on a division. The honourable member for South Lancashire offered his personal mediation between Lord Palmerston and Mr. Dallas, and meanwhile expressed his conviction in the House of Commons, that the disputes between the two countries would be amicably arranged to the satisfaction of both governments, if no new cause of disagreement were supplied by party debates. The



American minister in London gladly accepted Mr. Brown's mediation, for he did not wish to be sent back to Washington. With Lord Palmerston the honourable member's task was more difficult. What took place at these interviews has never been publicly stated. Some assert that Mr. Brown put before the Premier facts and figures proving that a rupture between the two countries would be followed not only by rebellion in the slave states, but also by a revolution in Lancashire. Others, with perhaps more reason, opine that Mr. Brown represented the conduct of the American government as an attempt to get a little "Buncombe" out of the difficulty, with an eye to the next presidential election, and was so regarded in the Union—that the attempt would signally fail (as the event proved)—and that if Lord Palmerston would only treat the affair as an unscrupulous and desperate attempt to get up a little political capital, he would, in a few months, be rewarded for his forbearance by seeing President Pierce and Secretary Marcy relapse into political obscurity and insignificance. Those who know Lord Palmerston best, affirm that the appeal to his magnanimity succeeded, when cotton statistics, tonnage, and all sorts of figures failed to shake his resolution to vindicate the insult passed upon her Majesty's representative. The Prime Minister yielded to the representations of one who spoke with peculiar weight, not only as a merchant, but as one of the most consistent and influential of Lord Palmerston's admirers and supporters in Parliament. Mr. Brown was not, however, satisfied with mediating between the two governments. He appealed to the two nations, and at his instance Liverpool, Manchester, and other English towns adopted addresses to the larger and more influential cities of the Union. These demonstrations elicited cordial and satisfactory responses from the other side of the Atlantic, breathing peace, and denouncing those who attempted to kindle disunion between two great and kindred nations. The political horizon

soon cleared. Mr. Dallas remained in London, and Mr. Brown received the thanks and congratulations of all who knew his noble and useful endeavours to avert so hideous, unnatural, and horrible an event as a war between the two countries.

A man who could so act deserved to be called a merchant prince. From first to last William Brown exerted the influence he had acquired by long years of perseverance and integrity in promoting the welfare of his fellows and the development of liberal thoughts and kindly feelings among governors as well as governed in both the nations that he had dealings with. And a fair measure of the wealth that came from those dealings was spent in works of philanthropy. All the earlier fruits of his life-long charity are eclipsed by his last and almost unexampled piece of benevolence. In 1853 he offered to give 6,000*l.* towards constructing a public library for the town of Liverpool, provided the corporation would provide a suitable site. The offer was accepted, but not acted upon, it being thought that more than that sum was needed for a building worthy of the town, but no one being ready to increase it to the requisite extent. Therefore in 1856 Mr. Brown offered to double his contribution. Even that, however, was not thought sufficient, and nothing was done until the merchant, eager, as he said, that his favourite work should be completed in his lifetime, took the whole business into his own hands. Without delay he set the builders to work, and by the autumn of 1860, the Free Public Library and Museum was completed and stocked with books and rarities of all sorts, at a cost to its founder of not less than 40,000*l.*, besides some 25,000*l.* supplied by the corporation and a few other subscribers.

This was, as it was meant to be, the crowning work of William Brown's career. Three years later he was appointed high sheriff of Lancashire, and honoured with a baronetcy. He died on the 3d of March, 1864, at the ripe age of 79.

H. R. F. B.

## THE QUEENS OF COMEDY.

MADAME ARNOULT PLESSY, MADEMOISELLE FAVART, AND MADEMOISELLE SCHNEIDER.



MADAME ARNOULT PLESSY.

IT is said that things theatrical are managed better in France than in England. Without discussing this question, it will be as well at once to state that the royal personages here treated of belong to the land of Molière and of Beaumarchais, and that the word Comedy is used as a generic term. Neither engravings nor letter-press are to be confined to the personators of the heroines of classic Comedy only. Comedy, as the highest in the rank of art, is, necessarily, presented to the reader first. Her haughty, slighty, stilted, unapproachable, emotional, hysterical, tearful sister, Tragedy—her humble, tawdry cousin, Melodrama—her foster-sister, Farce—and her popular, but vulgar distant relatives, Extravaganza and Fairy Spectacle will follow in her train.

Madame Arnould Plessy, of the Théâtre Français, is perhaps one of the last of the true Queens of

Comedy. There may be a Countess of Comedy scattered here and there among the Parisian theatres, but Madame Plessy wears her robes, powders her hair, stalks on her high red-heeled shoes, and waves her fan with a difference. Hers is the true pre-revolutionary majesty and grace. Her manner has been formed upon the models that existed before the Bastille was levelled to the ground; when a marquis was a marquis, and could cane a common man or run him through if he thought fit, without fear of consequences; when 'the people' were submissive and respectful, not to say servile, and blouses, barricades, opposition newspapers, percussion-caps, drainage, railways, Zouaves, Turcos, the August fêtes, universal suffrage, the ballot, gas, street orderlies, commerce, and the guillotine were unknown. The old nobility of France were a little cruel, a trifle careless, somewhat profligate, slightly vindic-

tive, and serenely atheistic—but their manners were charming. The soft cadence of voice, the rounded gesture, the fine compliment, the grace, elegance, wit, and tone of the past are gone with the suppers, the clouded canes, the three-cornered hats, and the epigrams. We have now mustachios, pegtop trousers, puns, argot, bouledogues and blackthorns, to console us in their stead.

*Vieille école, bonne école.* Madame Arnoult Plessy had the good fortune to be a pupil of Mademoiselle Mars, and it was in the heroine in Monsieur Alexandre Dumas' drama 'Mademoiselle de Belle Isle'—a part created by 'the Mars'—that Madame Plessy impressed the fastidious *habitués* of the Théâtre Français. A dreary adaptation of this play, by Miss Fanny Kemble, was played at the Haymarket Theatre some ten months ago, and Mademoiselle Beatrix enacted the heroine very charmingly; but 'Mademoiselle de Belle Isle,' though a capital piece in the original, can never be cooked up to suit the English palate. Its sentiment and tone are too French. Possibly, the novel of 'Rob Roy' is not interesting when translated into the Gallic tongue. It certainly would be hard to recognise Dougal, if he address Rob with 'Dis donc mon chef,' or Baillie Nicol Jarvie, if he remark, 'Je ne suis pas un homme joli,' or Rob Roy himself, if he say to Francis, 'Monsieur Osbaldiston, figurez vous que votre cousin ce beau Monsieur Rashleigh,' &c. Plays cannot be so spiced as to keep in any climate, and a success in China would be pretty sure to be a failure in Peru. Monsieur Dumas is not only indebted to Madame Plessy for her delineation of 'Mademoiselle de Belle Isle,' he is also her debtor for her brilliant rendering of his heroine in the 'Demoiselle de St. Cyr.' She is also famous for many 'stock' characters in the classic repertoire of Molière, her highest popularity having been achieved as Celimene in 'Le Misanthrope.'

The haughtiest of duchesses, the most graceful of marchesses, the sweetest of countesses, and most win-

ning of baronesses, modern comedy—the comedy of crinoline and bruerie—has been also subjugated by Madame Plessy. Monsieur Emile Augier—the stern, realistic, cynical Beaumarchais of this present nineteenth century—is under as heavy obligations to our heroine as Messieurs Molière and Dumas. The Marquise in 'Les Effrontés,' the Baronne in 'Le Fils de Giboyer,' and Madame Lecoutellier in 'Maitre Guérin,' were three distinct varieties—like and yet unlike—of the selfish, self-loving, interested Parisienne—in society and yet not of it—restless, brilliant, busy, scheming, playing at love, and loving the toilette.

Madame Arnoult Plessy's style of acting was founded on that of her preceptress, Mademoiselle Mars, who was a genius. All theatrical geniuses must inevitably reflect the times in which they live. Many people suppose that the peculiar talent of a great actor is his own personal gift, and this may, to an extent, be true; but it is not unlikely that the political events which form the social events of the world around him and about him, also form him. Mademoiselle Mars lived in troublous, revolutionary times—when kings, ministers, nobility, were upset, and Europe re-partitioned. She had seen the 'ancien noblesse,' talked to it, and been familiar with it; from it she derived the old classic dignity, regal bearing, stately sweep of arm, and tread of foot. Then came the Revolution: its passions, frenzies, and upheavings, witnessed by 'the Mars,' were reproduced at the theatre; and on the formal grandeur of the old school she grafted the tumultuous passions that she saw surrounding her. Then came Napoleon, with a reign of system and organisation, and the Mars, to the old grandeur and revolutionary passion added concentration, energy, and will. The actor's mind is impressionable and plastic, and they often illustrate their era without knowing it. Madame Plessy profited by all that her preceptress had seen and felt, and added to it a charm, an affability, a sweetness,

and a repose all her own. That Madame Plessy is handsome, our engraving shows. She has a queenly head and a noble face. The forehead is large and intellectual, and the expression of the mouth has that indescribable sweetness only seen when dimples are to be found lurking and settling in the immediate neighbourhood. Tall, and of stately presence, and with arms of singular beauty, our gifted heroine is a perfect grande dame.

She is a wonderful coquette. It is a sight to see her *tracasser* a lover. She leads the poor man such a life, is so unconscious of her charms, extinguishes hope by simply shutting up her fan, or alleviates despair by asking for a seat. Her features have a kaleidoscopic quality, and ripple with several meanings at the same time, as a stained-glass window glows with several hues. She is equally happy when she loves truly, and her performance in 'Le Legs,' where she coaxingly extorts a passionate but timid admirer into an avowal and an offer of marriage, is the highest of high comedy, and as superior to most of the representations of the *vie intime* of good society as the flight of a swallow is to that of Monsieur Leotard. It is sad to record Madame Arnoult Plessy's approaching retirement from the stage.

A more striking contrast could not be found than in the form, features, school of acting, management of voice, means of execution, and, so to speak, manipulation of the emotions of Madame Plessy than that of Mademoiselle Favart, who is also of the Comédie Française. Madame Plessy was a pupil of 'the Mars.' Mademoiselle Favart, without having been positively under tuition, has adopted the style founded by the late Rose Chéri—a style at once romantic and familiar, that delights in contrasts of voice, frequent pauses during which the expression of the features is the only medium of communication with the audience, and brief, curt, incisive intonations that make monosyllables tell long stories as plainly as long speeches. Madame Plessy is the lady of the year 1775. Mademoiselle Favart is

the great grand-daughter of the lady of 1775, of the same high blood and beauty, but of modern manners. Let us confess that the type furnished by Madame Plessy is most to be admired, but that the other is most to be loved. If the lady who received the homage of 'ces beaux messieurs' of the last century was the more modish, she who receives deference and not compliment from 'les gentlemen' of this, is the more sincere. One cannot easily imagine that bewitching fan-flourisher settling down into a quiet wife; but one may fancy that pensive 'brodeuse' heading a charming, inexpensive, comfortable, loving ménage. Wax-candles would be the extravagance of the grande dame. The other lady would economise for flowers.

The word 'lady,' in its most modern acceptation, happily describes Mademoiselle Favart and her acting. She is never demonstrative, or fussy, or self-conscious. Her hands and arms are not in continual play, nor do her eyes wander as if they did not belong to her; and when it is remembered that she is a Frenchwoman, and what sort of thing Frenchwomen usually consider fascination, this is no small praise. When silent, she might in feature, demeanour, and dress be taken for an Englishwoman; indeed, a Frenchman, a great critic, and one severely bitten with Anglo-mania, remarked of her during her performance in 'the Fils de Giboyer,' 'Is she not distinguished? Exactly like to a young English lady.'

This impression is conveyed by Mademoiselle Favart, because she never rattles over the gamut of human passions and emotions like a clever girl let loose on a piano-forte. Her great strength as an actress lies in her rendering of the subjugation of emotion. She seems to be exactly the sort of woman who would take a delight in sacrificing herself for somebody—a lover, a brother, a husband, a child, or a father—and make no sign. If the world knew of her sacrifice, or even guessed at it, she would feel robbed of half her sentimental pleasure. To charm her thoroughly,

there must be something stealthy in her goodness and her love. She takes delight in being an anonymous benefactor. She is too high-minded to advance a step. She conceals emotion, but not under a smile. She is the antagonistic thing to a coquette. The heart of the man she loves must be as keen and prescient as her own, and must guess at her affection. Their love must be too high and holy to be spoken of. Always ready to perform her share of the duties of the household, her love is a thing apart from contact with the world. She looks

on it as akin to her religion. This remarkable faculty—a faculty infinitely more rare and infinitely more worthy than the delineation of fiery passion—than elegant declamation on domestic pathos. Monsieur Emile Augier has admirably exploited in his very real comedies, which are not mere passing hits at the follies and fashions of a day, but permanent portions of the dramatic literature of France, of its social and political history. Thus, in *Fernande*, in the 'Fils de Giboyer,' we see a young lady, deprived of the care of her mother



MADemoiselle FAVART.

at an early age, who has ripened into womanhood before her time beneath the eyes of a fussy, foolish father, and a romantic, novel-reading, gushing mother-in-law. Her sympathies have been forced back upon herself, and she can share her thoughts with none of the household except her father's secretary, a young man in an exceptional and difficult position. She feels, although she does not understand, and can not analyse her feelings, that the decision and honesty of his character are in unison with the unselfishness and purity of her own.

She does not love him, but she could love him, if the rule of her life had not been to place a careful guard and check on her emotions. Her existence has been solitary, and she has brooded over-much. She accepts the husband presented to her by her father, without a sigh; she promises, and as she promises, you feel that she will keep her word—'to bear his name worthily.' She promises no more, and when she is alone sighs, 'As well him as another!' But her time comes, and the rock gushes with sweet waters. She sees the young secre-

tary insulted, rushes to his rescue, and avows her love for him by handing him a cup of tea. It seems a simple thing for a young lady to hand a young gentleman a cup of tea, but all depends upon the manner. It is part of the romanesque chivalry of her nature to avow her love for the penniless illegitimate secretary, as openly as she had concealed it watchfully, even from herself. She is a true woman, and loves entirely or not at all.

It is in conveying the impression of delicate shades of emotion that Mademoiselle Favart excels. She is fortunate in her audience at the Théâtre Français—for an audience less refined and intelligent would not understand her. The public generally likes to see the passions portrayed in large lumps. They understand that Othello is jealous, and that Juliet is loving. They do not sympathise quite so well with the suspicions of Leonatus Posthumus or the devotion of Imogen.

Mademoiselle Favart's most recent successes have been in 'Maitre Guérin,' in which she plays a devoted daughter, whose father squanders his own and her fortune in impracticable philosophical and scientific experiments. The young lady has to be her father's daughter and his mother too, his lawyer, steward, and general providence. It is the peculiar forte of this singular actress to excel in the portrayal of womanly women—not brilliant coquettes or dazzling fascinators, but the kind of women that when men see they want to marry and take home.

The recent production of 'Le Supplice d'une Femme' allowed Mademoiselle Favart to surprise Paris by her rendering of guilt and consequent remorse. She dissects the human heart like a skilful mental anatomist, and lays bare all the terrors prepared for those who forget the laws of honour and of duty. Her triumphs in the modern drama have been dwelt upon as most interesting to the general reader; it must not, therefore, be supposed that in the standard plays of the first theatre in the world, she does not hold an equally distinguished posi-

tion. To her recommendations of form and feature, our artist has done justice: in this department the pencil necessarily takes precedence of the pen.

Mademoiselle Schneider, formerly of the Palais Royal, but now of the Variétés, is, as will be seen from the accompanying engraving, very handsome, and what is still better—in Paris—very fair. Her most recent success has been as *La Belle Hélène* in the burlesque opera of that title, composed by Monsieur Offenbach. It is not unlikely that the colour of Mademoiselle Schneider's hair was the source of the composer's inspiration; it certainly inspired the song to Venus—

'On me nomme Hélène la blonde,  
La blonde fille de Leda,'

which is one of its favourite morceaux. Indeed, it was said that, not content with the flaxen-hued framing of her face bestowed on her by Nature, she resorted to the aid of art for a warmer, richer, sunnier tint. If we are to credit the authority of Mademoiselle Schneider and the present administration of the Variétés Theatre, the Greeks and the Trojans fell out and fought about a lady whose hair was red.

The tone of Madame Plessy's acting has been described as belonging to the past century, of Mademoiselle Favart's as belonging to the present: Mademoiselle Schneider is essentially of the day. She does not attempt high art. She is of the people, and sympathises with their argot, singeries, bouffonnerie, tintamarre, and diablerie. She will act extravagantly even in an extravagant Palais Royal farce. She has a genius for absurdity, and is possessed of it as by an evil spirit. When debating between conjugal duty and the dictates of her heart, her face will suddenly lose all expression, her limbs become straight and unmanageable, and she will move after the manner of a wooden doll afflicted with St. Vitus. She has a charming voice, and sings with taste and power. As she holds a high note, she will shake her head like a mechanical figure, or use her hands and feet as





'MADEMOISELLE SCHNEIDER.



MISS MARY J. BROWN

if she were an automaton, whose interior clock-work had been wound up and set going. She is very ready to fly into a passion, and on a word from a husband will slap his face, or a look from a lover will make him seize upon his hair. Mademoiselle Schneider is a highly concentrated and exaggerated specimen of a *grisette acharnée*.

These qualifications naturally confine the exhibition of the young lady's talents to farce and extravaganza. Whenever she assumes the classic robe, it is to display beneath it the tricks, manners, customs, habits, antics, and expressions of a fast modern modiste. She is the pet of the young men in the boxes, and the peculiar delight of the parterre. 'Is she droll? Is she droll?' cry her admirers. And she is droll, and possesses not only humour, but beauty, high spirits, and a charming voice—advantages of which she is by no means unconscious. What could the good people of Paris desire more?

Before *La Belle Hélène*, which may be considered the Schneider's greatest achievement, she had established a popularity by her performance in a Palais Royal farce, called '*Les Diables Roses*,' in which she sang a song, '*Un jeune homme empoisonné*,' which was for some time a choice morsel in the throats of the gamins. The air was sung with new words by Mr. Sothorn at the Haymarket, in the '*Woman in Mauve*.'

Some people—and not unreasonable people either—may think it a pity that such good gifts as beauty, humour, and vocal power should be wasted on mere extravaganza, burlesque, and opera bouffe. The union of such qualities might have made a *prima donna*, an ingénue, or a soubrette. An artiste should make people laugh, certainly, but she should not *only* make them laugh. Yet the Opera Bouffe is an admirable institution; and while M. Offenbach continues to compose no more agreeable method of passing a couple of hours can be invented. The heathen mythology is an inexhaustible source for both librettist and composer. Jupiter, Juno, Mars,

Venus, Bacchus, and Apollo have never been entirely out of fashion. They are almost believed in still; and the odd contrast of modern manners with mythological attire will always be amusing. It cannot but be funny to hear Venus talk of *cosmétique* and *crinoline*, Mars of breech-loaders, Bacchus of South African sherry, and Apollo of the Jews' harp. Minerva taking three lumps of sugar to her tea, and Juno 'rowing' the cloud-compeller and talking kitchen-politics, is a pleasant link of association between past and present, even for *Paterfamilias*. In '*La Belle Hélène*,' the solos and chorus of the *Couplets des Rois* are as humorous pieces of exaggerated musical and dramatic absurdity as can be imagined. Not only is the air and the orchestration both military and heroic, but it is broken into fragments, and words are cut into fragments to suit the metre of the march. Menelaus announces himself thus:—

'Je suis le mari de la reine, ah !  
ri de la reine, ah !  
ri de la reine, ah !'

and the majestic name of Agamemnon is chopped up by Agamemnon himself in this fashion:—

'Ce roi barbu qui s'avance, ah !  
bu qui s'avance, ah !  
bu qui s'avance, ah !  
C'est le roi Agamemnon,  
Ag-ag-a-gag-a-mem-non !'

Of fun so fast and furious as this—fun that makes Menelaus cry '*J'expire*!' as if he were pronouncing the name of *Shakspeare*—Mademoiselle Schneider makes the most. She is Queen of the Revels, and the quaintness and oddity of her style, its peculiar *verve* and recklessness will enable her to retain her sceptre, for at least some time, without fear of a rival.

The Queens of Comedy here mentioned are all living celebrities, and can be seen at the theatres by any one visiting the pleasant city of Paris. Any reader can therefore compare our opinions with his own at the same time that he tests the fidelity of the portraits here contained.

T. W. R.

## WHAT 'CAME OFF' AT CODLINGHAM REGATTA.

IT would be hard to find a pleasanter place to spend an idle hour on a midsummer afternoon than the slope of one of the cluster of low sandhills which end off the strip of barren land separating the channel of Rakeston harbour from the open sea. By the time that you have passed the pilot-house on the beach, and skated for two or three miles across the slippery mud flats, with an August sun overhead, you feel that you can lay your gun down among the bent, and throw yourself on your back with a clear conscience, and look straight up through your hands at the little troubled tern as they skim backwards and forwards above you. The very sea seems to go to sleep. It is deep water, quite up to the shingle bank; but the lazy rollers run too gently on the beach to break noisily. The colours, like everything else, are subdued. The sky is paler and has more rose madder mixed with its blue than it has elsewhere, and the sea is hardly a different shade of the same tint: scarcely darker than the backs of the kittiwakes which float on it; or the long line of shingle which stretches away towards the three wooded hills and the purple cliffs of Codlingham, six miles away to the right. The dry bent grass which covers the hills forms a colour link between the pale yellow sand which half buries it everywhere, and the sky above. Rakeston itself can be seen a mile and a half off, with its double-towered church on the slopes above the town. A flag flies from the tallest tower at high tide when there is water enough for the little coasting vessels which can come up to take the bar; and the Thames at London Bridge does not look half so imposing as the channel at such times, though at low water there is no difficulty in wading across it a quarter of a mile above the sea. The whole air of the land above the town is remarkable, and in many respects not unlike some of the vineyards in the valley of the Rhone.

Indeed, if a good light soil and extremes of heat and cold are, as they say, the chief requisites for grape growing, the experiment might, I have often thought, be worth trying there.

The strawberries grown there are celebrated, and so seductive, that it generally becomes a serious thing to have to run a sixer in the second innings of a cricket match at Rakeston when the British Queens are on.

But when a long spell of hard weather has frozen up the ditches and ponds, inland, and driven the wild fowl in from the open sea; when the channel is half choked with floating blocks of ice, and the fields of saltwort and sea lavender above high-water mark are snowed over, and the cutting wind across the marsh through which the last mile of the road runs, gets at your marrow, through three flannel shirts and any number of great coats and rugs, then is the time to see Rakeston to perfection. The soft flats, as the tide leaves them, are alive with fowlers and whistling birds of twenty sorts. Immense flocks of knots and sandpipers wheel about in front, like dark clouds one moment, almost dazzling the next, as their white breasts and bellies flash into sight; and geese and ducks keep passing up in long lines, or toss about out of shot in the black water.

Some years ago, Captain Henry Rowland, a smart young officer, and capital company, came down to Codlingham to take command of the coastguard. He had chosen the station himself as a good shelf for a year or two after his marriage; and as smuggling was still not quite extinct thereabouts, expected to find enough work to keep himself going, and showed every intention not to let the men under him go to sleep if he could help it. One frosty morning in October, not very long after his arrival, he and I went over together to Rakeston; and, leaving orders for Old Jockey West to be sent to meet us with his



A "WINKER" FOR THE COAST GUARD.

Engraved by G. B. Martin.

The "Winker" is a registered trademark.

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Indeed, if a good light soil and extremes of heat and cold are, as they say, the chief regulators for grape growing, the experiment might, I have often thought, be worth trying there.

The strawberries grown there are celebrated, and so seductive, that it generally becomes a serious thing to have to run a sixer in the second innings of a cricket match at Rakeston when the British Queens are on.

But when a long spell of hard weather has frozen up the ditches and ponds, inland, and driven the wild fowl in from the open sea, when the channel is half choked with floating blocks of ice, and the fields of saltwort and sea lavender show half-water marks are snowed out, and the sailing wind across the beach changes when the last mile of the road runs, gets of your runners through these formal shifts and and shuffles of great coats and wigs, there is the time to see Rakeston in perfection. The mud flats, as the tide leaves them, are alive with flocks and whistling flocks of twenty sorts. Immense flocks of geese and sandpipers wheel about in front, like dark clouds one moment, almost darting the next, as their white breasts and bellies flash into sight; and geese and ducks keep rising up in long lines, or low about out of sight in the black water.

Some years ago, Captain Henry Howland, a smart young officer, and capital company, came down to Rakeston to take command of the coastguard. He had chosen the station himself as a good shelf for a year or two after his marriage; and as smuggling was still not quite extinct thereabouts, expected to find enough work to keep himself going, and showed every intention not to let the men make him go to sleep if he could help it. One frosty morning in October, not very long after his arrival, he and I went over together to Rakeston; and, leaving orders for Old Jockey West to be sent to meet us with his

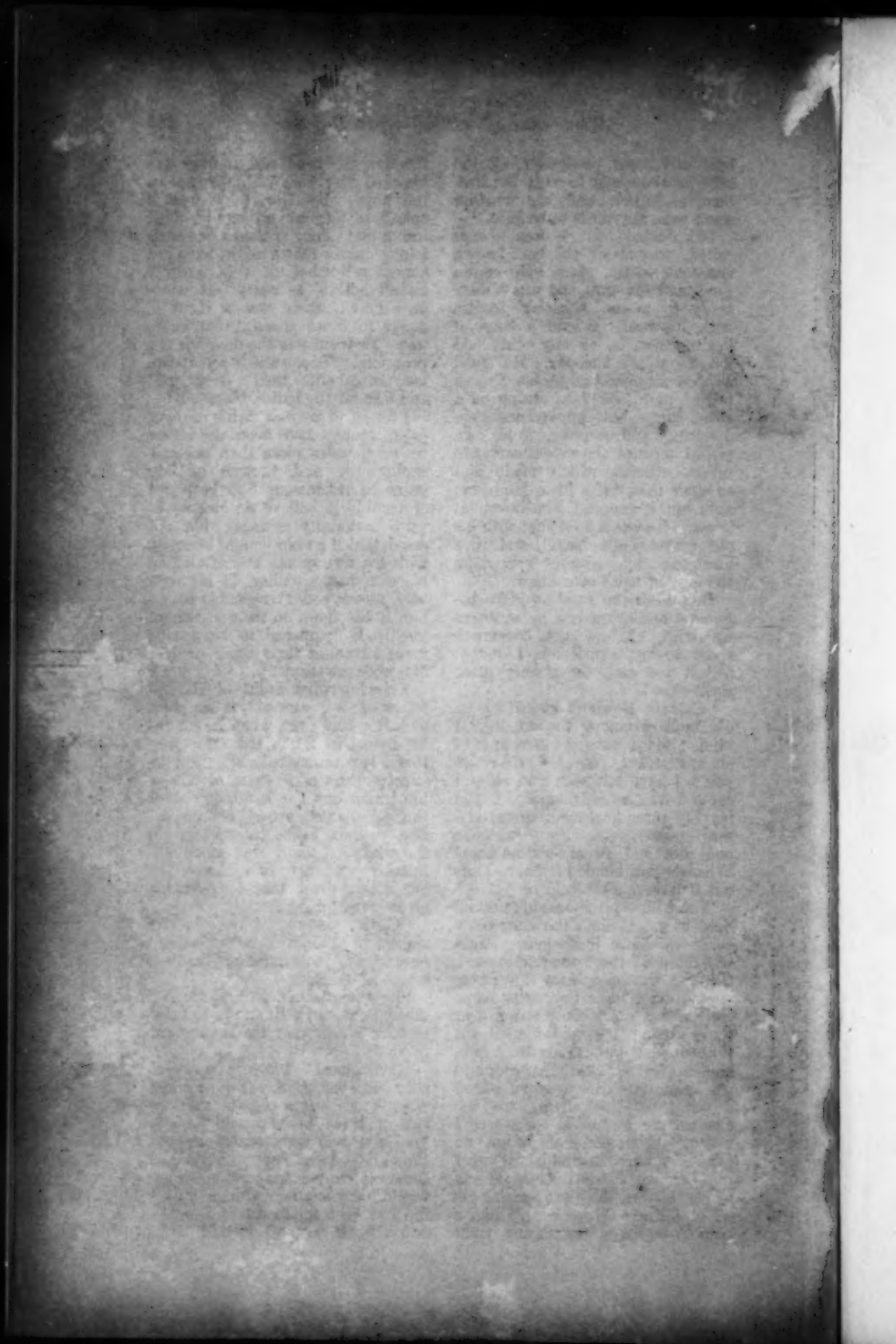




A "WEINKLE" FOR THE COAST GUARD.

Drawn by G. de Merville.]

[See the Story—"Coddington Regatta."



boat and some provender, started off over the muds to visit the Preventive Station and see whether there were any birds to be shot.

Old Jockey, as he was always called, was about the best known character in the place. He kept a punt, and big gun, and was always ready to attend shooting parties with his boat, or lend a hand at loading vessels, or any other odd jobs about the harbour. He stood a good six foot two in his 'mesh boots,' and looked as strong as a steam-tug; but appearances are deceitful; and, according to his own pitiful account, he was a martyr to bilious attacks, which made him so weak that, 'if a little lamb ran agin him it knocked him down' at times. He was a dead shot with his old rusty single barrel, and in a harmless way, without exception, the biggest liar I ever knew.

He was at the meeting-place before us, and saluted us as we came up with, 'Haint got overmuch sport to-day, gentlemen, I doubt; a'most too airy for a very great sight o'fowl.'

'Captain Rowland kicked up an old mallard among the ditches,' I said, 'and I have got a couple of shanks and a plover. How are you? I have not seen you since I came back from Ireland. I had my big punt gun over there, and rare sport it was. Forty widgeon one shot and twenty-six another! What do you think of that? Cuts out Rakeston, eh! Jockey?'

'Lawk bless yer, there ain't nothin' here now. It ain't the same place as it was afore these here meshes was drained; there was fowl enough then. I remember being down here once when I was a boy, arter some teal as was on a bit o' water over there among the sandhills. I got three on 'em, and was loading again, and had just put in the powder and was ramming it down, when I seed a string of fowl flying up the channel right straight for where I was a-squatting. I had not no time to shove in the shot, so I pulled off the cap of the ramrod and let fly just as they was coming on all of a line. Three couple and a half o' mallard was strung right

through the head and another was knocked over wery badly bruised in the hays. By Gor, there wor a splash as they all on 'em tumbled into a pit! They splashed out such a lot o' water that I might have got a'most a bushel of eels, only I hadn't nothin' to carry 'em away in. Lawk, there was a sight o' ducks in those times; that there was. Ah them was the days for the poor folk. 'Bacca was wery cheap, too, hereabouts then. Grog too! and lace for the ladies, bless 'em!'

I forgot to say that, in his younger days, Jockey had been up before the magistrates more than once for smuggling; and though of late years he had managed to keep out of trouble, I believe he had never very materially changed his old creed, that if a man bought honestly with his own money and landed on his own responsibility, in his own boat, no one could reasonably blame him if his views on the question of free trade happened to be a trifle more advanced than those of Her Majesty's government.

Knowing what I did of the old fellow, I was amused to see him look Rowland over, when he caught his name, in much the same way that a superannuated fox might be supposed to take stock of a new huntsman out for a Sunday walk through his pet cover. The inspection seemed to be satisfactory on the whole. Jockey was unusually talkative at lunch, and when we lit our pipes drew the conversation on to smuggling generally.

'Lawk! yes, sir. I have knowd sights of things brought ashore here right o' the middle o' the day, scores of times.'

'How used they to manage it?' asked Rowland, with an eye to business. 'What were the coastguard up to?'

'Coastguard! Lawk bless yer! they ain't no good. One way was when there was a regatta, mayhap two or three boats would have a kind o' a race right out to a vessel they knewed and back; and just as some on 'em was a rounding, there would be a sight o' things hulled in, and back again all of a muck sweat, with 'em all stowed snug

under a sail or summut, and run the boat right up on to the beach; preventive men, and gentlemen and ladies too, mayhap, looking on and screeching and hollering like mad; for them is almost allust the closest races, mayhap the captain hisself giving 'em summut to drink his health with—Preventive captains is allust regular gentlemen.'

'I like your old friend Jockey,' said Rowland, as we drove home. 'He is quite a character in his way: he tells me he has known that boat-race dodge tried successfully often. It's worth knowing.'

'A regular old smuggler. The stories he was telling you were personal experiences, in all probability. By-the-by, your Codlingham regatta is next week, isn't it?'

'Yes; on Tuesday. I wish you would come over to us for a couple of nights on Monday for it. Do, if you have not got anything better to do: you won't mind a small room?'

I accepted his invitation, and we agreed to meet in the morning at the 'Dun Cow,' a public not far from Rakeston, and have another day on the sands.

When I got there, soon after the time fixed, Rowland was waiting for me, in a state of great excitement.

'That's all right,' he said, as soon as we had shaken hands. 'I am glad you have turned up, for I expect some fun to-morrow. You remember Old Jockey's smuggling dodge. Well, from what I hear, I suspect they are going to try it on at the regatta. I am going to order all the men over from Rakeston quietly; so we will walk over to the preventive houses, if you don't mind, first.'

The weather next morning was splendid. Codlingham looked so gay and picturesque, with flags flying everywhere, that one almost forgot the smells.

There was a fresh breeze blowing, and by one the beach was crowded with visitors. The coastguard were there in unusual force. Captain Rowland was starter, and had always a sailor or two with him to help; and several other navy uniforms were dotted among the crowd not far away.

The programme began with swimming-races for men and boys; then came sailing and pair-oar matches, and—the great event of the day—a grand life-boat race, with three entries.

The match which had awakened Rowland's suspicions came next. Three boats, two belonging to Codlingham and one from Rakeston, were to sail round a twenty-foot boat, which had been lying all day a couple of miles out to sea, and to row back again. They were to be started from the top of the shingle-bank under the cliff, and the race won by the boat which was first in its place again. Each was to carry four men and a boy to steer.

'Now for the fun!' said Rowland, as the men stood in their places ready for a start.

It was evident that a bold attempt was to be made to land something; and I was specially commissioned to make all the use I could of my eyes. Certainly I thought I had never seen four men who looked more up to a bit of smuggling of any sort than the Rakeston crew. They were all young men, with the exception of one old white-haired fellow with one eye, which twinkled through its half-closed lids with the most comical expression of mixed fun and suspicion.

'My men know something of that old beggar,' whispered Rowland, as he passed me just before the start. 'Here, take my glass; I daren't use it myself. Now then, my men, are you ready?—one, two, three!—bang! And off they all rattled across the shingle, amid tremendous excitement.

The two Codlingham boats knocked over an old woman, and fouled half-way down to the sea; and the Rakeston men were well into their seats, with their sail hoisted before either of the others, were off the stones. They were leading, as nearly as I could see, by a good half-dozen lengths, when the boat they were to round was reached; but there, as it seemed, some mistake or other was made, for when the sails were lowered and the three could be distinguished again, the

Rakeston boat was some way behind the others.

'Not badly done that,' said Rowland, putting down the glass which he had snatched from me just before the boats turned. 'Jockey shall have half a crown next time I come across him. Look out; we are to have a race of it!'

The Codlingham boats still led, and were rowing splendidly together, but did not seem to be making very much way, and the Rakeston men gained on them at every stroke. Though as fully persuaded as Rowland himself that the race was only part of the old smuggling dodge Jockey had been telling us of a few days before, I found it impossible to help catching the general excitement, and shouted as loud as any one, as, almost at the same moment, the three boats grounded and the steaming crews splashed into the shallow water, and, in less time far than it takes me to write it, were straining and panting up the shingle. The Rakeston men were first at the bottom of the last ridge, where one of them slipped on a rotten dogfish, and one of the Codlingham crews wrenched their boat past, and, amid such cheering as one does not often hear, won by a nose. There seemed to be a pretty general notion that something was up. The crowd closed in round the boats so thickly and quickly that I found myself shut out, and the broad-shouldered fishermen, over whose sou'-westers I had to peep at what was going on as best I could, were evidently in full enjoyment of some excellent joke or other.

'Capital race,' said Rowland. 'You Rakeston fellows lost too much time rounding, eh? Your boat seemed a trifle heavy in the bows, I thought, as she came in. Couldn't have lightened her, I suppose? Halloa! what have you got here under the sail? Nets, eh? Queer ballast that, isn't it? Here, Jones, come and lift this out.'

'Don't be too hard on us, Captain,' said the one-eyed scamp, in the most dolorous voice; 'poor wife and children!'

A roar of laughter followed, as the suspicious nets were lifted out

by a sailor, and displayed—*nothing*. The whole thing was a sell, and the boat empty.

Poor Rowland, he was very sore about it. A good dinner, and a strong natural sense of the ridiculous, did a 'good deal towards restoring his equanimity; and, under the influence of a pipe in the garden, he was quite recovering when a servant-girl came out to say that some one wished to see him. It was Jockey West, who was standing by a mysterious little keg, looking very serious. He took off his hat when he saw us.

'Servant, sir, servant, yer honour.'

'Nothing wrong, I hope,' said Rowland. 'Do you want me?'

'Yer honour hain't heard, then, I doubt.'

'Heard what? What is it?'

'Two boat-loads o' things brought ashore at Rakeston this afternoon, and gone right away! Most unfortunate, there weren't not a preventive-man about the place—all on 'em gone to Codlingham. Bacca and brandy, mostly, I doubt. Two o' my boat's-loads.'

'Your boat's? What! do you mean to say you let them have your boat?'

'Tworn't my fault; you hain't no call to speak to me o' that manner. I comed to tell yer.'

'Well, well, go on; let us hear about it.'

'Well, sir, my boy' (Jockey's boy was about thirty, and a size larger than himself), 'my boy seed them a hailing, and rowed out to ax what they wanted: there was right a big boat; and blowed if they didn't tie his harms and his legs, and took two lots ashore afore they let him go.'

'Well, hang it all! did you see them?'

'Seed 'em, in course I seed 'em, and spoke to 'em.'

'Then you will know them again.'

'Lor, sir! I was that bilious that I couldn't see nothing but yaller and green. They was furriners, owdacious furriners, but my eyes swam that, that I couldn't make out no more.'

'Your son could tell them again, of course?'

'It's wery distressin,' sir; they made him that drunk that he can't mind nothing about it. I says to him, You young warmint! says I, told you not to go out—leastwise, I would have told you if I had happ'ed to ha' seed yer; but, Lawk, sir! he fears right of a muddle like. That's a long time since I ha' knowed such a sight o' things come in and no one to ax a question.'

'You said you spoke to them. What did they say?'

'One on 'em comed up with this here little keg, and said, "Here, old chap, send this to the Captain for

his good lady, and say as how she'll find it particular calculated for cherry-brandy."

'You confounded old scamp!' said Rowland. 'Go into the kitchen, and tell them to give you some supper, if you're not too bilious; and don't let me catch you out in a hurry, or you shall know it. I'll be even with you yet. Confounded old scoundrel! I shouldn't have thought I was fool enough to be done like that. I owe him one, anyhow. Come and have a cup of coffee.'





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Drawn by James Godwin.]

"OF THE WORLD, BUT NOT WORLDLY."

(See the Poem.)

